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VANCE, BRZEZINSKI AND KOJAK

Foreign policy, for the moment, leaves most people indifferent, but they can hardly be blamed for bewilderment on an essential point. Does the Administration have one foreign policy—or three? The President, the Secretary of State, and the National Security Adviser speak with different voices. That would be neither surprising nor exceptional, were it not for the impression that each speaks for a different country.

The White House Press Secretary has berated the press for inventing differences between Messrs. Brzezinski and Vance in recent speeches on China. A glance at the texts suggests that differences are not a matter of invention. Mr. Vance spoke of a global equilibrium, of our effort to enhance "the sense of a community of nations," and noted that we threaten no one. He looked forward to the completion of SALT II. Dr. Brzezinski, by contrast, depicted a Soviet Union hesitating between cooperation and global troublemaking. As for equilibrium in a changing world, he declared that "we can shape this change to our benefit." He studiously refrained from mentioning SALT. The President, meanwhile, has ostentatiously disregarded his subordinates' shouted debate on Iran. He told John Chancellor, James Reston and the rest of us (at his press conference) that our powers to intervene are limited. He did, to be sure, ask Khomeini to assist Bakhtiar—and, for his pains, could hear the Islamic leader on the next evening's news, instructing him to mind his own business.

The Administration's colossal embarrassment over Iran has been magnified by

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POTOMAC WAR FEVER
Michael T. Klare

SHOWING THE FLEET
Alan Wolfe

REARMING JAPAN
Donald Kirk

BENTSEN'S JUDGE

NEW FICTION

'REALITY'
Max Apple

UPDIKE'S COUP

SELBY'S HELL

McMURTRY'S DARLING

CARTER AND WOMEN

THE FRIDAY NIGHT MASSACRE

MIM KELBER

Lost in the thousands of words that were written about what feminists are calling the "Friday night massacre" is the real story of the meeting between President Carter and the National Advisory Committee for Women (N.A.C.W.), on January 12. Both the important agenda of American women's needs, which the committee presented to the President, and the truth about what really happened at the meeting have been obscured in the furor over Abzug's ouster and self-serving White House propaganda. As one who was present from the beginning, I would like to set down the record in full.

Abzug's alleged "abrasiveness" and the advance issuance by the N.A.C.W. of a press release summarizing the critical statement to be presented by the women's committee to Carter were what reportedly angered the White House, but political observers believe that the decision to remove Abzug from her advisory committee post had its genesis at the Democratic mini-convention in Memphis, Tenn. Abzug was among the leaders of the liberals' attempt to win approval there of a resolution criticizing the Carter anti-inflation policy and budget cuts. Under the watchful, unfriendly eyes of an army of White House staffers, she made a strong, substantive speech at a plenary session in which she described planned budget cuts affecting women and called instead for reductions in the military budget.

Abzug has worked hard in the Democratic Party to increase women's represen-

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LETTERS.

HEATED RESPONSE

Newark, N.J.
Fred Cook's article ["The Great Heating Oil Price Mystery," *The Nation*, Jan. 6-13] was excellent.

Since the state hearings on fuel costs described in the article I have testified in Congress on two occasions: the first time to criticize the Administration for even considering the removal of controls on gasoline—a subject which the OPEC price increase has now pushed further into the recesses of their minds—and second, to argue strongly for the reimposition of controls on home-heating oil.

By some quirk of circumstances, the day of the hearing was precisely thirty months after the then-Federal Energy Administration, in urging decontrols of home-heating oil, predicted that with or without controls, prices would increase only 4 cents in the next thirty months.

On that day, precisely thirty months later, I was able to report a wholesale price increase of 9.5 cents and retail price increases as high as 13.5 cents in New Jersey.

I told the committee that the F.E.A. had been "less than distinguished, less than accurate, and I suspect, less than honest."

I am following up the original hearings with (*1*) a letter to each of the witnesses who testified—but who said he didn't know, or that wasn't his department—with specific questions which I urge them to refer to someone knowledgeable for a response, and (*2*) a meeting with the New Jersey Congressional delegation early during this season for a more specific New Jersey report and, hopefully, mobilization for meaningful Congressional action.

Joel R. Jacobson, Commissioner, State of N.J. Dept. of Energy

Drayden, Md.
Fred J. Cook's article makes the important point that no honest answers are forthcoming from the oil companies on their production costs and profit margins. . . . Such information would no doubt precipitate busloads of oil executives on their way to jail for tax fraud.

Even more disturbing, however, is the shallow thinking in high places in American/multinational business that believes that "maximizing profits" leads to prosperity rather than to inflation and eventual breakdown of our whole economic system.

American business is philosophically weak. . . . Our form of Government and our economic system depend on honesty and there is no way to write off the disasterous effects of the depletion of honesty. We are in serious trouble.

Michael A. Olson

Greeley, Colo.
Fred Cook shows that the oil company executives who can't compute the cost of producing fuel oil are and have long been in conspiracy to rob their customers and to deliberately cause inflation. They have far more power in the United States and much of the world than the Shah ever had in his own country. Perhaps they will eventually be dealt with in the same way.

Clifford M. Turner

Providence, R.I.
Fred Cook wonders "how Brock Adams ever got into Carter's Cabinet." I don't. Adams is obviously entrusted with the Final Solution of the problem of the American railroads, a task which he fulfills admirably, and will continue to until a no-longer comatose public will insist on his impeachment on grounds of criminal negelct, death resulting. His criticism of the multinationals is as *pro forma* as his boss's energy program.

Ilse Pelitzer

FRIVOLOUS ARGUMENT?

New York City
As one who must accept some responsibility for introducing the church-state issue in abortion litigation, I should like to comment upon Prof. Monroe Freedman's letter [*The Nation*, Jan. 20] which asserts that the argument is frivolous and does not merit presentation to a court.

I first presented the argument to the Supreme Court in 1976 in the case of *Poelker* v. *Doe*. The Supreme Court did not pass upon the question, and I have since presented the argument in the *McRae* case and in a Louisiana case. In these cases I contended that the challenged action violated the First Amendment's dual guaranty of church-state separation and the free exercise of religion.

It may well be that when these cases reach the Supreme Court the contention will be rejected. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the briefs I submitted represented the view of some fifteen Christian and Jewish organizations affiliated with the National Coalition for Abortion Rights and with a combined membership of perhaps as many as thirty million.

Each of the organizations received copies of my briefs before they approved submission to the respective courts. It must be assumed that they consulted their attorneys before they approved the briefs.

Perhaps all these organizations and their attorneys and the American Civil Liberties Union and its attorneys, and I are all in error. Only time will tell. Nevertheless I doubt that they would concede that the argument is "not only wrong, but absurd," as Professor Freedman asserts.

Leo Pfeffer

RECOGNIZING SURINAM

Indianapolis, Ind.
Re: " 'Saudi Venezuela': The Vote to Get Off the Merry-Go-Round" [Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*, Dec. 23].

Although Venezuela and Columbia are big, important countries and have, perhaps, enviable political records, they are not alone. Surinam not only has an elected Government but also its military may be one of the smaller "South" American armed forces, with one colonel as Chief of Staff and 300 soldiers. Of course the gargantuan state dwarfs its unknown young neighbor in the struggle for survival . . . but political and economic reports of the next twenty years might prove fascinating as the quiet voice from the South American jungle records its achievement. One might say age confers special public recognition. Thus Surinam, whose independence was celebrated in November 1975, would not be in Venezuela's league but the democratic process has been functioning some time longer.

Paul F. Bustion Jr.

COMMON SENSE

Newton Highlands, Mass.
Aryeh Neier's advocacy of laws to make marital rape a crime ["Rape at Home," *The Nation*, Jan. 20] deserves a reply not in the name of Sumnerian folkways but in the name of common sense. In the first place, laws against assault and battery should apply to husbands as well as to other persons. In the second place, a woman who does not want to have sexual relations with her husband, and who perceives him as using coercion, should not be living with him; the sensible solution for her is to move out, and to institute a civil action for either separation or divorce.

Richard C. Sterne

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EDITORIALS.

(Continued from Front Page)

its public disagreements. On January 12, CBS White House correspondent Robert Pierpoint reported that the White House thought that only a military coup could save Iran from a radical Islamic or Communist regime. The next day, the State Department told the Iranian generals not to seize power. That vacuous sycophant, Joseph Kraft, has rebuked the Secretary of Defense for his silence in the Iranian crisis. The rest of us may well think that Dr. Brown deserves a medal for his restraint—but for the suspicion that in the tumult, he could hardly have been heard anyhow.

The Administration has not given us such a convincing display of inner division since the Zaire affair of last June. Then, the President temporarily silenced Dr. Brzezinski. The Secretary of State was even allowed to tell Congress that he was the President's spokesman on foreign affairs. Dr. Brzezinski is a person of many gifts, but a vocation for prolonged discretion is not among these. Within the past month, he has let it be known that he personally told the Shah to repress the opposition. He has threatened our nation's real enemies (those in the State Department who criticize his views) with terrible retaliation. Mr. Vance, *per contra*, took it upon himself to announce the Shah's imminent "vacation" (if somewhat after the son of the Shah's chauffeur did so). He also intimated that seeing the Soviet Union's hand everywhere was an unhelpful simplification—a direct rebuke to Henry Kissinger for one of his periodic indulgences in global paranoia, but an indirect word to his colleague at the White House as well.

What are we to make of this extraordinary spectacle? There is an explanation that attributes to the present Administration a thorough grounding in Machiavelli. That, however, may be an unfortunate reference—our embassy in Italy keeps its distance from the Italian intellectuals, and may confuse the Renaissance thinker with some or other Marxist professor from Florence. Perhaps we are seeing the influence of Kojak, of a tradition in which suspects are

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interrogated alternately by good cops and bad ones. The White House threatens a military coup, and the State Department disclaims one. What better way to warn the Iranians to come to their, or rather our, senses?

Still, there must be a better way to conduct the affairs of a major world power. Administrative reform cannot substitute for ideas or talent but our present institutional arrangements invite serial disasters. The office of National Security Adviser is not part of the immutable texture of our Republic. Under Truman and Eisenhower, the Secretary of State coordinated and executed foreign policy. The notion is archaic, but a return to it isn't entirely unthinkable. Eisenhower had a Boston lawyer named Robert Cutler who did the paper work, but it was Kennedy who gave scope to Bundy as National Security Adviser. In Kennedy's defense, it must be said that he did so because he thought the State Department immovable, and after he had learned to restrain his enthusiasm for Dean Rusk's imagination and intellectual powers. We tend to forget how much of Kennedy's foreign policy (the nuclear test-ban agreement, for instance) was opposed by an important Government—our own. Whether Kennedy would have believed what Bundy and Rostow told Johnson about Vietnam we shall never know, but by that time they were hardly quarreling with State. Kissinger expanded his White House powers, from 1969 onward, into a vacuum.

Dr. Brzezinski, clearly, does not believe that his office requires him to limit himself to giving the President advice. He does not stop at the preparation of papers, or the coordination of interagency policies. He has a major role in the direction and execution of foreign policy. On at least one occasion, a close associate at the National Security Council, Prof. Samuel Huntington, telephoned Senator Moynihan to urge him to attack the President. Huntington has subsequently returned to Harvard, possibly to resume his writing about the virtues of discipline, loyalty and obedience. In all fairness to Dr. Brzezinski, there is no evidence that he authorized or encouraged Huntington's behavior—but he did not order him onto the next plane for Cambridge, either.

The difficulty, clearly, is not one of personalities. During the African alarms of June, Senator McGovern intimated an interest in looking into the functions of the office of National Security Adviser—a suggestion that, for once, left Dr. Brzezinski's own press spokesman silent. Lee Hamilton, the very able Indiana Representative who is Chairman of the International Relations Committee's Subcommittee on Europe and the Mideast, has begun hearings on our failures in Iran. Senator Church may conduct Senate hearings on the same theme. An inquiry into the efficacy of the office of National Security Adviser can do no harm. It will, surely, not stop debate on foreign policy—and hardly prevent the President from hearing (as he should) conflicting views on these problems. Public questioning, however, might induce Mr. Carter to reflect that those who are trying too hard to appear leonine in the end have made his government look asinine.

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Norman Birnbaum is a member of The Nation*'s editorial board, and a professor at Amherst College.*

Budget Blues

President Carter has managed to merge the Credibility Gap with the Compassion Gap in his 1980 budget. The incredibility of this document lies mainly in the nature of its guesses (which is all they are) about the performance of the national economy in the months between now and October 1, when the new fiscal year begins. As for "the compassionate society" which Carter claims is portrayed in these budgetary tea leaves, all that needs noting is the fact that "domestic social programs," as *The New York Times* put it, have been "trimmed back by more than $12 billion from their normal growth."

All this is being done—or rather proposed, since Congress will be chopping away at this document right up to September 30—in the name of "fighting inflation." That is the shibboleth of this season. Another password, preferred by the Republicans, is "fiscal responsibility." The predictable first reactions in the G.O.P. have been that Carter's paring has not cut close enough to the bone.

The philosophy, as he might presume to call it, of Carter's second (and re-election) budget is summed up in the following words from his message to Congress: "Government action must be limited to those areas where its intervention is more likely to solve problems than to compound them." Consider, then, that the main area of increased spending is for the Defense Department. That $125.8 billion item is certainly protected against the effects of inflation, thanks to an $11 billion increase, but will that rise in arms spending "solve problems" rather than "compound them"? Of course not. What Carter has principally in mind is slipping a SALT agreement past Congress by placating the hawks with a further military buildup.

In the area of "social" programs there are a whole series of mean-minded cuts, in the interest of "fiscal integrity," as Carter told the House Democratic leadership. One man's integrity is another's unbearable burden, and this applies to hundreds of thousands of Americans whose hopes for jobs and a tolerable standard of living are dealt heavy blows by this budget. By the calculations of Americans for Democratic Action "the human needs portion of the budget is $15 billion below current policy."

In the cities, where the vast majority of this country lives, the effects of the mean-spiritedness behind this budget are already being felt. Deep cuts in aid have already been made and more are in prospect for New-

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ark, N.J. and New York City, for example, and the slashes will cripple services that were once considered essential. Newark is on the verge of reducing its school-system employees by a quarter and making bone-deep cuts in fire and police protection. New York is picking its way toward solvency through a minefield of "gaps" and "shortfalls" between revenues and expenses. As usual, it is the poor, the politically and economically defenseless, who are suffering the worst deprivation and, in effect, paying for the prosperity of their more comfortable neighbors.

The Carter budget remains a penny-wise and timid response to the challenges to America as the ninth decade of this century begins. The best hope is that Congress will abandon its vaunted new conservatism and dare to confront the real problems threatening the viability of a democratic society. This will mean positive governmental action and the spending of public funds in behalf of the public welfare seriously defined. If that is to happen, Carter's budget will have to be scrapped and rewritten.

Meanwhile, the prevailing instant analysis of the new budget was that it offered "no surprises." Such a pallid outcome to the months of contrived White House drama of "cuts" and "restorations" can hardly be called a climax. Anticlimax would be more apt—except that this designation must go to the subsequent State of the Union message, as tiresome, irrelevant and even impossible a set of cliches as we have heard from that rostrum in a generation. One is left only to brood morosely over such political metaphysical questions as how does one build a "New Foundation" under a structure that still stands—that is indeed the world's oldest Republic?

He Might Have Read The Nation

PRESIDENT CARTER: "It's impossible for anyone to anticipate all future political events. And I think that the rapid change of affairs in Iran has not been predicted by anyone so far as I know."

—Press Conference, Jan. 17, 1979

"The Shah of Iran's authoritarian dynasty. . .appears to be disintegrating. . . .The regime has been exposed as incapable of shoring itself up with anything but brutal military force. . . .We can report that there is a pervasive opposition to the Shah and his policies. . . . The National Front and Khomeini's more religiously oriented followers together reflect the views of an overwhelming majority of the people."

—James Cockcroft and Eva Cockcroft
The Nation, Nov. 18, 1978

"The small, spontaneous demonstrations that broke out in isolated spots around the country a year ago have coalesced into a massive resistance movement encompassing virtually every sector of the society."

—Linda Heiden,
The Nation, Oct. 7, 1978

". . .but in the long run the outlook for the type of Government the Shah represents—and the United States supports—may be no brighter than that of similar tyrannies that have come and gone."

—*The Nation*, April 9, 1973

"In Iran, the rough-hewn Reza Shah, operating in an even more tradition-mired society, modernized social custom at the expense of an all-powerful church. However remarkable and essential, these national revolutions [in Turkey, Greece and Iran] were incomplete (perhaps the first examples of that now-familiar condition of developing countries), for they failed to set the goals or carry through the programs which could develop natural resources, abolish mass poverty and break the power of the wealthy few. . . . It should come as no surprise that ferment is now so evident in Greece, Turkey and Iran. Nor should it seem so depressing if it means that their internal development will, in greater measure than before, reflect not the cold war, but their own social forces."

—Harvey Goldberg,
The Nation, July 6, 1963

"The 'humane and liberal-minded' Shah has arrested hundreds of his opponents since the first of the year, is engaged in a bloody military campaign against the peasants of Fars Province. . .and in general is conducting himself more like a Hitler than a constitutional monarch."

—*The Nation*, May 4, 1963

"Last summer's elections were so corrupt that the Shah was forced to set them aside and order new elections which were as thoroughly rigged as the original ones, with the result that once again riots have broken out in Teheran. . . . Time is running out on the Shah. But only a diligent scanner and scrutinizer of the American press would suspect it."

—*The Nation*, March 4, 1961

"Several men in the American Embassy here, for example, admit that the middle class has become increasingly disaffected under the Shah's regime. They add, however, that these 'dreamy individualists' could never take matters into their own hands. . . .But until the Persian Government realizes that a politically disenfranchised middle class is potentially dangerous; and until the Shah himself realizes that Westernization, as it is now proceeding in Iran, has increased rather than decreased social and economic pressure, the Imperial Army must continue to train its guns upon the capital city. . . .Given emergence of a powerful person at the right moment, or a shift in world power alignments, and the 'dreamy individualism' of Persia may explode once again, with disastrous consequences."

—Stanley Cooperman,
The Nation, Sept. 24, 1960

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

For Christmas, I took over Iran for Alice. I don't mean I went there with a band of mercenaries, recruited from the better Manhattan saloons, took over the Government, and presented Alice with all of the rights and privileges accruing to the Peacock Throne. I try to avoid travel during the holiday season. What I mean is that I took over keeping up with what was happening in Iran, giving Alice a little extra time to devote to the Middle East peace talks and the January sales.

On Christmas, there was a moment when I feared that I had not chosen well. As I watched her open the package containing Iran—I had wrapped it in some rather colorful paper whose print, it seemed to me, suggested a Persian rug if viewed in that spirit—I thought I saw the flicker of a frown on her face. "She was hoping for the SALT talks," I said to myself.

I had thought about getting her SALT instead of Iran. I knew she despised protracted negotiations. Once, having heard on a talk show that presenting surprise gifts for no particular occasion was one secret of keeping the romance in a marriage, I had returned from the office on a rainy, uneventful Tuesday and announced to Alice that she need no longer concern herself with a British coal strike then in its third week. She was ecstatic. SALT, I realized, was a drearier subject than Iran—lacking even the stimulation of a story now and then about some particularly revolting act of conspicuous consumption by the Shah and his family. But the papers had not been carrying much about the SALT talks, and there were thousands of words daily to read about Iran. Somehow, SALT had seemed a smaller gift.

"Actually, I thought about getting you the SALT talks," I said tentatively.

"Oh, no. This is much nicer," Alice said. "It was just that the wrapping seemed a little tacky."

"You said a few weeks ago that you hated worrying about how to pronounce Ruhollah Khomeini. Was that a hint?"

"Well, it's certainly true anyway," Alice said. "Also, plowing through those oil production figures was a bore, and all of those endless speculations about whether or not 'American intelligence was caught napping' just made me sleepy. This is perfect. Really. I love it. Just think of not having to concern myself anymore about knowing whether the Shah is about to leave and where he might go! I was beginning to feel like a travel agent."

"Probably the United States, although Gstaad has also been mentioned by informed observers in Teheran," I said.

"What?"

"I was just telling you what's in the paper this morning," I said. "The gift has begun."

Alice started it all some years ago by giving me Cyprus for my birthday. I was delighted—and only partly because I had somehow got it into my head that she was planning to give me an orange vinyl tie. For some years, I had been thinking that the task of being a well-informed citizen was particularly onerous when it came to Cyprus. On the Cyprus question, I craved ignorance. I was tired of the Bishop. The history of Greek and Turkish settlement failed to fascinate. Any analysis of the effect a Greek-Turkish conflict might have on NATO caused me to long for the Arts & Leisure Section.

Sometimes, Cyprus seemed to disappear from the papers for years, only to surface in an even more desperate crisis, full of pathetic refugees and ponderous United Nations debates. Cyprus had begun to remind me of some dreadful old uncle who is always alarming the family with emergencies that are invariably described as beyond solution: Something must be done immediately before Uncle Harry's behavior drives Aunt Thelma to violence. How long can a man continue to shoot at postmen with a crossbow before tragedy occurs? Can a fanatic Christian Scientist and a homocidal dermatologist live together for another day? Then, people in the family become distracted by their own problems, everyone forgets about Uncle Harry for months, and suddenly he re-emerges—with problems just as insoluble as ever. Who solved the insoluble emergencies in the meantime? Should citizens who already have Uncle Harrys be expected to worry about Cyprus as well?

"Don't Give It Another Thought," Alice's birthday gift to me had said, printed in colorful letters on a map of the dread island. "Leave It to Me."

"Could that really be?" I had asked incredulously. I was almost overcome with gratitude—not to mention a little guilt for having thought, even for a moment, that a woman who could think of such a gift might have stuck me with an orange vinyl necktie.

"You just tell me now at which point you care to be informed," Alice said. "I can let you know when it appears that they're going to start fighting again, for instance, or I can let you know when it's getting to the point at which the NATO alliance might be seriously weakened."

I thought about for a while. "Worldwide nuclear conflagration," I finally said. "If it appears that because of Cyprus worldwide nuclear conflagration is imminent, I would appreciate being informed. If not, I'll just give it a skip, thank you very much."

After all of those years of freedom from the wretched Cypriots, I found it gratifying, of course, to begin a Christmas Day by presenting Alice with a gift that would lift from her shoulders the daily strain of distinguishing between Gen. Gholam ali Oveissi and Gen. Manuchehr Khosrowdad. I was filled with Christmas warmth as I opened my own gift. It was a map. I recognized it immediately from my research: Iran. "Don't Give It Another Thought," the printing on it said. "Leave It to Me."

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ARTICLES.

JUDGE WATCH: PART 3

Bentsen's Choice

DOROTHY J. SAMUELS
and JAMES A. GOODMAN

Among the first group of names President Carter is expected to submit to the Senate for confirmation under the Omnibus Judgeship Act is that of Texas State Judge Ted Butler, who was recommended by the State Democratic Senator, Lloyd Bentsen. Butler's actions as District Attorney for Bexar County, in the arrest and prosecution of a theater operator who showed the movie *Deep Throat*, raise serious questions about his qualifications for the Federal bench. The Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit found "harassment and prosecution in bad faith" in the case and challenged Butler's motivation and judgment.

On June 24, 1974, a San Antonio police officer entered the Fiesta Theater, where the film *Deep Throat* was playing. After viewing the movie, the officer obtained a warrant authorizing the seizure both of the film and the theater's projector. The warrants were mimeographed forms prepared by Butler's office. All the magistrate had to do was fill in the date, time and place of the seizure. Normally, warrants for pornography raids of this sort would authorize arrests for misdemeanor charges. But Butler's office also trumped up felony charges by characterizing the 16-millimeter projector used to show *Deep Throat* as a "criminal instrument." The felony statute relied upon is intended to apply to a "criminal instrument" specifically designed for the commission of a crime, such as burglary tools. By Butler's strained logic, a person writing an obscenity might be charged with a felony on the theory that a pencil is a "criminal instrument."

With the warrants, the police officers arrested Richard Dexter, manager of the Fiesta Theater on misdemeanor and felony charges. The raids, which were part of Butler's "massive crackdown" on sex movies in San Antonio, were repeated three times during the next two-week period. "Such a blatant use of an inappropriate statute which bootstrapped the misdemeanor offense into a felony was effective in requiring that bail for a felony offense be set not once but several times," observed the three-judge Federal District Court panel that heard Dexter's suit to enjoin Butler. The Fifth Circuit affirmed that the felony statue in question "has its purpose in preventing criminal acts, a goal hardly advanced by junking theater projectors" and that Butler's inventive legal maneuvers "strongly suggest an intent to harass."

Though Butler's office went to extremes in drafting the felony complaints, Butler never brought the charges before a grand jury. His justification for this inaction is that he believed that he was precluded by the temporary restraining order issued by the District Court. The court, however, had explicitly told Butler's office that the temporary restraining order was intended to prevent further efforts to halt exhibition of *Deep Throat* but not to interfere in any way with prosecution of the pending state cases. The failure of Butler's office to pursue prosecution led the Fifth Circuit to speculate that "law enforcement officials recognized that they were acting illegally and knew they could not obtain convictions on felony charges."

Not until July 1975 did the Federal District Court bar prosecution of Dexter under the Texas "criminal instrument" statute. The very fact that a Federal court would intervene in this way is itself a commentary on the conduct of Butler's office since for the court to do so requires a finding of harassment or prosecution undertaken by state officials in bad faith without hope of obtaining a valid conviction. In September 1977 a three-judge panel of the United States Fifth Circuit upheld the District Court's decision. And less than two months ago, the Federal appellate court reaffirmed the decision *en banc*. A notice of appeal to the Supreme Court has been filed.

Butler has told us that he had "no personal knowledge" of the arrests and seizures that took place at the Fiesta Theater until the Federal District Court issued its temporary restraining order in late July 1974. This is peculiar since the Fiesta Theater raids received prominent attention in the local press and were covered by local television. It also seems odd that raids of such high public visibility would not have been directly cleared with the District Attorney and that no one in Butler's office or the Police Department discussed this particular case with him. "I'll continue to prosecute the cases that should be prosecuted," Butler vowed after the Federal District Court decision against him, indicating more than a token participation in the affair.

Butler, who was appointed to a state judgeship in San Antonio in April 1977, after serving eight years as District Attorney, does admit to having "set policy" to bring pornography under the criminal instrument" statute and says he has "no apologies" for any involvement of his assistants since they were "acting in good faith."

Senator Bentsen issued the following statement: "The case is still on appeal. The Committee on the Federal Judiciary of the State Bar of Texas has affirmed Judge Butler's qualifications to be a Federal judge. I have no reason to believe that this suit would impact on Judge Butler's judicial temperament." □

Dorothy Samuels is executive director and James Goodman is the Washington, D.C. representative of the Committee for Public Justice, a national civil liberties organization. The monitoring of Federal judge selection is a joint undertaking of the committee and The Nation.

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SHOWING THE FLEET

The Cycles of Belligerency

ALAN WOLFE

The temptation, apparently, was irresistible. During the recent turbulence in Iran, the United States dispatched the Seventh Fleet to the mouth of the Indian Ocean. In a faint echo of Theodore Roosevelt's gunboat diplomacy, the Carter Administration reminded the people of Iran, and of the world, that the United States had substantial military force that it might, if goaded, be willing to use. Carter's hard-liners were satisfied to have battleships prowling around at least, even if the inevitable compromises within the Administration prevented their being sent closer to the scene of the action. (Vice President Mondale, word has it, had reminded his more military-oriented colleagues that sending the fleet into the Indian Ocean itself might be considered provocative by the Russians, and so the ships moved silently back and forth at the mouth.)

Armed forces, by their very nature, stand for nought unless they are either used or their use is threatened. A nation that builds up its arsenal in order to increase its "options" finds that in at least one important area its choices narrow: once having committed itself to armed strength, it loses the ability *not* to use that strength. The United States, according to a recent C.I.A. survey discussed in *The New York Times* by Drew Middleton on January 7, 1979, is the number one overall military power in the world. For this reason, American military planners must decide, not whether to "show the fleet" but where and under what circumstances, and with what assurance that United States goals will be met. Somebody, somewhere, decided that the Iranian situation was one that required some subtle military sign from the United States. How do such decisions get made? Given the fact that other nations also have military forces and face challenges to their own credibility if they do not also threaten their use, what are the risks that a show of force can backfire and lead to a war that nobody really wants? Can nonmilitary alternatives to gunboat diplomacy be more effective in the long run than threats of intervention? Few questions can be more important to ask, and to answer accurately, than these.

Yet despite the obvious need for informed decision making on matters that involve potential war, policy makers have few guidelines upon which to base their decisions. Recently, scholars at the Brookings Institution attempted to provide such guidelines. Because of the close ties between Brookings and the Carter Administration, the results of this research are certain to affect the ways in which this country threatens the use of military force in the future. This study, one of the few of its kind, is required reading, not only because of the interest its findings hold, but also because it will be used as a political document in Carter Administration infighting.

The Brookings study is called *Force Without War: U.S. Armed Forces as a Political Instrument*, and it was written by Barry M. Blechman and Stephen S. Kaplan. Blechman, a relatively nonideological specialist on defense matters, has been a close collaborator and adviser to many of the men who staff the Carter Administration. He is currently an assistant director of the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Kaplan is a research associate in the Foreign Area Studies Program. Also contributing to the book were a variety of academic specialists and the director of the Middle East Office of the National Security Council, William B. Quandt. Funding for the study came from the Advanced Research Projects Agency of the Department of Defense. A Brookings Advisory Committee for the study included key national security managers like Gen. Andrew J. Goodpaster of West Point (who reportedly turned down a Carter offer to head the SALT negotiations), Robert R. Bowie, a Harvard political scientist highly influential in national security circles, and former Ambassador Charles W. Yost. Brookings seems to have intended this study to be the definitive word on the whole issue of when to threaten the use of force.

The methodology of the study is uncomplicated. The authors concentrate on all the occasions when the United States took military action to influence a political situation abroad. Combing the historical record between January 1, 1946 and December 31, 1975, they discovered that on 215 separate occasions—i.e., on an average of once every two months—the United States sought to achieve an objective in the world by threatening the use of its military might. Two steps were taken in order to analyze these data further. A variety of statistical tests was used to determine which of various "independent variables"—such as the level of the President's popularity or the relative strategic (i.e., nuclear) balance between the superpowers—were correlated most closely with decisions to intervene. Then the authors selected particular interventions—the Laotian War, the Berlin crisis, Lebanon and the Dominican Republic, among others—and asked leading specialists in those areas to write case studies. Then the aggregate analysis was combined with the case studies, and appropriate conclusions were drawn.

Those conclusions are fascinating. It turns out that threats by the United States to use force are *not* randomly distributed over the entire time frame of the

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postwar period. The importance of this fact can be demonstrated by some simple reasoning. Assume that a nation's propensity to threaten the use of force was based solely on international threats. This, after all, is what most Presidents claim. When Lyndon Johnson intervened in the Dominican Republic, for example, he said explicitly that the strength of Communists in that country left him no choice but to send in troops. Now if this is true, then presumably American interventions would distribute themselves randomly over time, since events in other countries would have a tendency to scatter themselves over the calendar without any particular pattern. But instead, the record shows very definite patterns in the threats made by the United States. Most strikingly, the periods of greatest activism by the United States were between 1946 and 1948 and between 1960 and 1965: in the former three-year period, an average of eight incidents a year took place compared with an average of 3.7 between 1949 and 1951, and in the latter five-year period, an average of fifteen incidents took place compared to an average of five in the period 1968-73. Such clustering of military actions can be explained in one of two ways: either the international system went through particular convulsions at those times, forcing an American response, or else intervention by the United States is primarily related to domestic events, rather than international threats.

Some data support the proposition that international events were the crucial influence on the frequency of American actions, but they are weak. Domestic considerations were most highly correlated with military activism. The authors found that the greater the President's popularity, for example, the greater the number of military threats. Further, the propensity of the United States to threaten intervention increased in direct ratio to public confidence in the system, as measured by the stock-price index. In addition, there is substantial evidence that intervention diminishes following a limited war; after the Korean and Vietnam wars, the number of incidents fell sharply. The conclusion is therefore self-evident: American threats to use military force have far more to do with domestic political developments than they do with actual threats to the national security of the United States.

This conclusion is strengthened if one brings in the most serious omission of the study. The authors never develop a correlation between the number of incidents and the political party in power, yet an examination of their data reveals that Democratic Administrations have been more prone to use the threat of force than Republican ones. Conveniently, each political party occupied the White House for exactly fifteen years during the period of this study. If domestic politics were not a factor in shaping the extent of United States military intervention, then presumably the 215 events would be divided evenly between the parties. Actually, 123 of the 215 took place when Democrats occupied the White House, and only 92 took place under Eisenhower and Nixon, close to a 60-to-40 ratio. It seems rather unscientific that the authors would ignore such an important variable; the tight relationship between Brookings and the Democratic Party may be one reason.

Some indication of the significance of this data can be grasped from the following hypothetical situation. Suppose that you wanted to be able to predict how often the United States was going to use military threats. Suppose further that you had a choice between two kinds of information on which to base your prediction: everything you possibly wanted to know about the international system and nothing about domestic politics, or all available information about domestic politics and zero knowledge of the state of the world. Strange as it may seem, you would be better off with the latter choice. The national security of the United States is simply not all that relevant to the employment of America's military might.

This is not to claim that international events have nothing to do with the frequency of foreign military actions by this country. The one international factor that does correlate with intervention is the strategic balance between the Soviet Union and the United States. The Brookings authors demonstrate conclusively that as the Soviet Union has expanded the size

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of its nuclear arsenal, the propensity of the United States to make military threats has decreased. From the Soviet point of view, this finding clearly justifies Russian foreign policy; the only way to keep America from acting like an aggressive power is to build a deterrent against it. But what conclusions should be drawn from the United States point of view? To answer that question, it is necessary to break down the 215 incidents by types of military force used.

In the thirty-year period under investigation, the United States has threatened the use of nuclear weapons nineteen times, or more than once every two years. This fact is so contrary to the popular wisdom that nuclear weapons are never to be used except in retaliation that it is worth recounting all the incidents, since each and every one carried with it the potential of advancing the world to the brink of nuclear war. On four of these occasions, the United States directly threatened the Soviets with a nuclear strike: the Suez crisis in 1956, Lebanon in 1958, the Cuban missile crisis in 1962 and the October 1973 war in the Middle East. Ten times the United States moved strategic bombers closer to Russia or China, or placed them on alert. Twice in the 1950s the Sixth Fleet was mobilized when it was an essential part of the American nuclear defense force. Twice Strategic Air Command bombers were flown to Latin American countries as a show of force, and in one case a nuclear submarine was sent to Turkey. In short, the United States has not refrained from brandishing nuclear weapons in its shows of force.

But—and this is a bone of contention among a number of strategic theorists in the United States—most of the nineteen incidents occurred when the United States' nuclear superiority over the Soviet Union's was unchallenged. (Only two threats have taken place since 1963 and only one since 1968.) Thus, from the American point of view, only when this country has superiority over the Soviet Union in strategic forces will it use nuclear weapons as a credible threat. This is the manifest reason why the guardians of the Committee on the Present Danger oppose the SALT treaty. They know that an authentic first-strike capability is a useful weapon in international relations, if one chooses to use it; and they are angry that it is a weapon that the United States currently does not have.

It seems evident that the United States may once again be entering a period in which its threats to the international community will increase. As the authors of the Brookings study note: "A reasonable inference that may be drawn from this analysis is that as memories of the Vietnam conflict recede from the American consciousness, the nation may once again more frequently employ its armed forces for political objectives, especially if an increasing number of 'opportunities' are presented by the international environment, *or* if the nation's sense of confidence returns to previously high levels." So long as essential equivalence between the Soviet Union and the United States in nuclear weapons exists, those threats will be localized and will involve conventional arms. But if the United States were to regain the upper hand in the balance, then one might increasingly expect nuclear brinksmanship once again.

If it is true that in the next few years we are likely to see more attempts by the United States to threaten the use of force in international circumstances, then the obvious question is raised of how effective those threats are likely to be. The Brookings study judges effectiveness not on the basis of the wisdom of each intervention but on the narrower grounds of whether or not each intervention achieved its stated objective. Their main finding is that threats of greater use of force fail to achieve the objective, unless those threats carry a nuclear potential: "Policy makers ought to be wary of using armed forces for political objectives when they believe that objectives, though difficult to obtain, will require only sizable components of conventional force. A large risk of failure would appear to be taken when policy makers believe important U.S. interests are at stake but are unwilling to brandish nuclear-capable devices."

This conclusion reinforces the contradictory lessons learned during Vietnam. Then, doves argued that since we could not reach our objectives short of nuclear war, we should withdraw. The generals looked at the same facts and concluded that the only way we could win was by raising the level of violence. The Brookings study likewise can be read two ways. Some will conclude that since limited intervention does not work the United States should stay out of other people's affairs. Others will read the book to prove their claim that the United States had best beef up its nuclear arms or else it will find itself impotent to shape the world in its image.

Both conclusions will carry weight within the Carter Administration, since both arms controllers and cold-war zealots abound. Hence, the Brookings study is likely to be cited by both sides in the mini-debate over American strategy. Those emphasizing restraint will find much in the book to justify their position. They will discover that although military intervention occasionally achieves short-term effects, over the long run the threat of force generally fails, by itself, to preserve American interests. They will also find that American military force is much more successful in reinforcing what another nation already wants to do than it is in inducing it to change its behavior. And finally the arms controllers will be sure to note that the study finds that the Soviet Union has played a moderating role, especially toward its allies. All of these conclusions imply that the United States would be better off scaling down its capacity to intervene, since the whole apparatus has not been particularly effective in any case.

Other conclusions of the study, however, support the hard-liners. In general, objectives were achieved when forces actually did something, rather than when they were simply on symbolic display. Moreover, the outcome was more favorable to the United States when nuclear weapons were threatened; other nations, including the Soviet Union, will back down

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when this country starts talking apocalyptically. Taken together, these findings confirm that if the United States is serious enough, it can act like a bully and get away with it. For the hawks, the conclusion is obvious: regain a strategic superiority, and the United States can shape local struggles along the lines it desires. There are two problems with this point of view. First, each threat to use nuclear weapons that is not followed through decreases the credibility of the next threat. And second, as the authors of the Brookings study calmly point out: "When nuclear weapons are involved, and the demonstration is not successful, the result could be disastrous—U.S. policy makers being faced with the choice of admitting the emptiness of the nuclear threat, and thus undermining the credibility of fundamental U.S. commitments, or actually employing nuclear weapons."

Which side in this debate will win? If the Brookings study's data are correct, then domestic politics will play a greater role in answering this question than international events. In that light, the situation does not look promising for those who believe in arms control and disarmament. The military budget and an aggressive foreign policy continue to be too important for any Administration to ignore as it governs a country that does not want to confront its domestic disarray. The signs are all there: the Democrats are in power; Carter's popularity has been increasing; there is a return to the values (and the motion pictures) of the 1950s; and the right wing is growing. Under the circumstances, one can predict that international incidents will more frequently be found to justify American threats to use force. Whatever its dubious military value, a new round of American belligerence seems certain, unless the political situation changes at home. □

POTOMAC WAR FEVER

Letter from Washington

MICHAEL T. KLARE

Dear Friends:

Washington is rapidly turning into a war capital. Not, perhaps, in the sense that troops are being called up for deployment to some foreign battlefield—but rather in the sense that top policy makers believe that the likelihood of a war is increasing daily and that therefore preparation for war must be accelerated even if other national goals suffer in the process. In the past few months, the Carter Administration has committed the United States to a dangerous new round in the thermonuclear arms race, and has ordered a massive increase in spending on conventional (nonnuclear) arms. And while these moves do not necessarily signal the imminent outbreak of conflict, they will surely aggravate United States-Soviet Union relations and thus increase the risk that future crises will result in war. As one State Department officer told me in January, "We are now closer to a nuclear war with the Soviet Union than at any time since the Cuban missile crisis."

Nowhere is the Administration's preoccupation with war planning more evident than in the fiscal 1980 budget sent to Congress on January 22. While the nation's poor and elderly were told that they would receive less Federal assistance, the Pentagon was awarded a whopping $11 billion increase in new weapons spending. Under Carter's NATO-oriented defense plan, United States combat forces will be completely re-equipped with new tanks, PGMs (precision-guided missiles—"smart bombs"), helicopters, fighter planes. The strategic nuclear arsenal is to be modernized.

With the collapse of the Pahlevi dynasty in Iran—and with it the policy of relying on client powers to defend American interests in the third world—Washington is heading toward a renewed interventionist posture abroad. Roscoe Drummond observed in *The Los Angeles Times* on January 10, "President Carter is moving toward a more activist foreign policy designed to protect America's vital interests wherever they are endangered." Apropos the Iranian crisis, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown observed: "We're more interdependent; we're more resource-dependent on the outside world. We might have a very difficult time avoiding the choice between active participation in conflict . . . or severe damage to our national interest and resources." Brown revealed that "planning is going ahead" for a highly mobile, hard-hitting specialized force for conflicts outside of NATO. (*The Washington Post*, Jan. 2, 1979.)

On Capitol Hill, it is hard to find lawmakers who will speak out against provocative new weapons programs or particularly belligerent statements by the Administration.

Situated as I am in Washington, where the largest employer is the Department of Defense, it is perhaps all too easy to be overcome by the atmosphere of militarism and thus to overestimate the threat of war. Lest you think I exaggerate, consider the following developments:

Item: In line with a shift in the United States' strategic thinking, the Carter Administration has taken new initiatives whose purpose is "to give the United States an enhanced ability to wage a limited nuclear conflict." (*The New York Times*, Nov. 30, 1978.) These initiatives include the accelerated development of new "counterforce" weapons (so called because they are designed for strikes against Soviet strategic forces, rather than Soviet cities) such as the Mark-

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12A nuclear warhead (to equip the existing force of Minuteman-II ICBMs), and the proposed M-X missile. Whereas earlier strategic doctrine called for an invulnerable second-strike force aimed at the Soviet cities to deter a Soviet nuclear assault on the United States (a most unlikely contingency), deployment of counterforce weapons will provide the United States with the option of ordering limited nuclear strikes in response to a variety of Soviet thrusts that fall short of an all-out nuclear attack.

Item: In accordance with this new doctrine, President Carter will ask Congress to provide funding for two new nuclear weapons programs in a supplemental military appropriations bill to be submitted in early 1979. According to *The New York Times* (Nov. 15, 1978), Carter will request $500 million in fiscal 1979 (plus another $710 million in fiscal 1980) to begin full-scale engineering development of the M-X land-based ICBM and the Trident-II submarine-launched ballistic missile. Both weapons will carry multiple warheads (MIRVs) and will be much more accurate than present missiles—thus permitting offensive strikes against "hardened" Soviet missile silos (which are protected from anything but a direct hit). Administration officials argue that these new weapons will only be used in response to hypothetical Soviet assaults, but critics point out that they are most effective as first-strike weapons (since they are designed to knock out Soviet missiles in their silos) and thus will increase Moscow's anxieties over American intentions and make it much harder to negotiate new arms-reduction agreements.

Item: When the White House authorized an $11 billion increase in military spending in the next budget year, *The New York Times* (Nov. 16, 1978) reported that "Administration sources said that the Defense Department was especially gratified because Carter has decided to cut about $15 billion out of the normal growth of a range of social and domestic programs" in order to finance new military programs. Most of the additional Pentagon funding will be used for procurement of advanced conventional weaponry—tanks, helicopters, and PGMs—intended for use in hypothetical European, Middle Eastern and African battlefields.

Item: After announcing that the United States would not proceed with procurement of the much-detested neutron bomb, President Carter has now authorized the production and stockpiling of neutron bomb components, thus permitting near-instantaneous production of complete bombs at any future date.

Item: The Department of Defense has begun preliminary design work on two intermediate-range nuclear weapons designed for a war in Europe: the ground-launched cruise missile (GLCM) and an extended-range version of the Pershing ballistic missile (Pershing-II). Carter requested a three-fold increase in Pershing-II funding in fiscal 1980, and the Department of Energy has "ordered development engineering to begin on nuclear warheads for both the new Pershing-II and the GLCM," according to *The Washington Post* (Nov. 8, 1978).

Item: In order to insure that sufficient nuclear explosives will be available for all the new weapons systems "the United States is today launching its most ambitious nuclear weapons production program in two decades." (*The Washington Post*, Nov. 19, 1978.) Bomb-making facilities are now gearing up for production of warheads for the M-X, Trident-II, the air-launched cruise missile (ALCM), the Lance battlefield missile, new strategic and tactical bombs, and a whole family of atomic artillery shells.

Item: Following the resumption of diplomatic ties between the United States and China, the press was full of speculation about a future military alliance between them that would be aimed at the Soviet Union. Already, Washington has given its approval to the sale of advanced French and British arms to China, and the sale of American arms is sure to follow.

Item: The Pentagon has taken the first step toward the possible development of a new manned penetrating bomber, to replace the B-1 bomber canceled by President Carter in 1977. According to *Defense/Space Daily* (Dec. 1, 1978), the Air Force has begun evaluating potential contractors for preliminary design work on the proposed bomber under the so-called "Strategic Bomber Enhancement" program.

Item: The Carter Administration has approved a significant increase in civil defense spending to develop blueprints for emergency urban evacuation programs. Although these plans are apparently not as grandiose as those originally reported in the press, it is obviously significant that the White House has chosen this moment to expand the United States' civil defense spending.

Item: The White House has ordered the Army to draw up plans for construction of a factory to produce "binary" nerve gas weapons. According to *The Washington Post* (Oct. 20, 1978), the new plant will be located at Pine Bluff Arsenal, Ark. (Binary weapons would use two separately encased chemicals that would mix to form the deadly nerve gas after the shell or bomb was on its way to a target.)

Item: In November, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Gen. David C. Jones, urged the creation of a standby draft system to shorten the time for a full-scale mobilization in a crisis. Under the proposed system, young men and women would be registered, classified, and given physical and mental examinations so that those eligible could be inducted more quickly if war were to break out. Jones stated that he was not calling for the resumption of conscription at this time, but suggested that we may some day "have to go back to a draft or some sort of national service." (*Baltimore Sun*, Nov. 20, 1978.)

Item: Carter's choice for the new director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Gen. George M. Seignious, has called for the acquisition of

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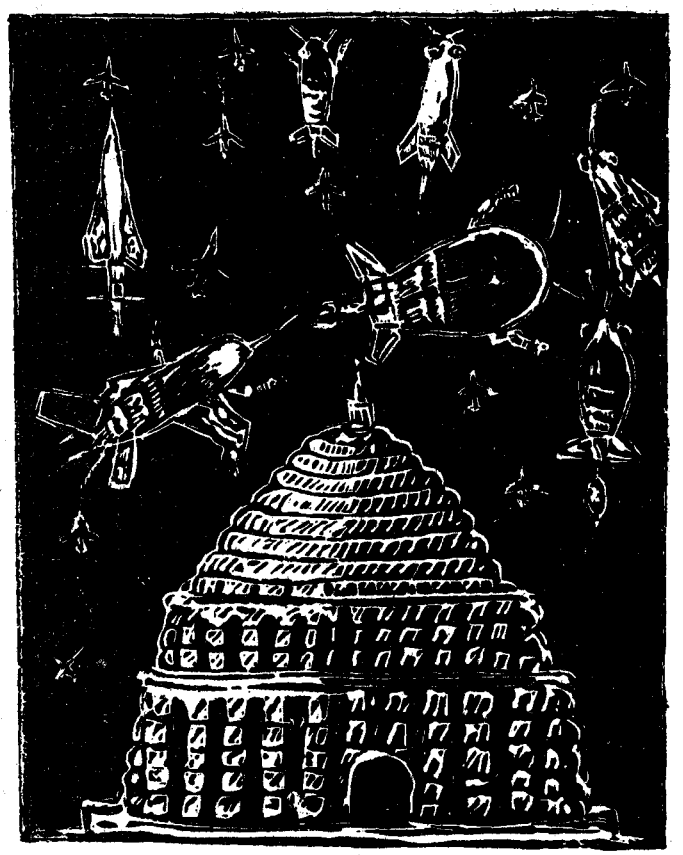
new nuclear weapons. Even if a SALT treaty is adopted, Seignious told reporters in December, the Pentagon will "require additional money to modernize the strategic systems we have." (*The New York Times*, Dec. 14, 1978.) The appointment of Seignious to replace Paul Warnke as head of the A.C.D.A. has drawn heavy criticism from disarmament activists, who point to his membership on the Coalition for Peace Through Strength, a pro-military lobby that has campaigned against adoption of the SALT treaty.

All of these developments have been accompanied by a shift in attitudes about the use of military intervention to solve political-economic difficulties abroad. After Vietnam many American leaders argued that we should spurn military means in favor of diplomatic and economic measures in future third-world crises, but today many of these same figures are suggesting that intervention may be appropriate in some situations. If the Angolan crisis of 1975 (when Congress voted to block our involvement in the civil war there) can be seen as the high point in the pendulum's swing toward anti-interventionism, then the Zaire crisis of 1978 (when Carter placed the 82nd Airborne Division on alert for possible deployment in Zaire's embattled Shaba Province) was the midpoint in its swing back in the opposite direction. As one State Department official said at the time, "We are now at the Tonkin Gulf stage in Africa." And while it would be foolish to predict a repetition of the Vietnam entanglement, it is not so unrealistic to envision a "lightning strike" to topple a radical Arab regime blocking oil supplies or to overcome some other threat to American economic "survival."

Why this dramatic upturn in militarism and interventionism at this time? Of course, there is no simple or definitive explanation for what is obviously a complex and changing situation, but I will try to identify at least some of the underlying causes:

First, military preparedness has become a major political issue. Potential Presidential candidates such as Senator Jackson and Ronald Reagan have raised the "Soviet threat" issue to embarrass and discredit President Carter. And since Carter feels that the electorate might be vulnerable to such scare tactics, he has moved steadily to the right on military issues—thus forcing his rivals to release even more alarmist statements in order to stay in the game. Carter has also come under attack from former "national security managers" like Paul Nitze who seek a vehicle for renewed political influence (hence the "Committee on the Present Danger"). These developments suggest that the "Soviet threat" will be a major issue in the 1980 Presidential election and thus will trigger an escalation in hawkish, cold-war rhetoric.

Next, we can discern a split on foreign policy issues within the military, industrial and political elites. This split revolves around the question of how best to preserve American global power in the wake of the Vietnam disaster. While some leaders—especially



those in the business and financial community—emphasize the solidarity of the capitalist world (especially the "trilateral" powers of North America, Western Europe and Japan) in the face of mounting demands from the underdeveloped world, other leaders—particularly those in the national security bureaucracy—emphasize the expansion of American military strength and the "containment" of Soviet power. The former group (which I have elsewhere called the "Traders") believes that the Soviet Union will become increasingly dependent on Western technology and thus will be less prone to challenge American interests, while the latter group (which I call the "Prussians") argues that only a massive buildup in military power will discourage aggressive Soviet moves. And while this debate normally takes place behind the closed doors of corporate board rooms and Government offices, it surfaces regularly during the annual debate over the defense budget, when the hard-liners release exaggerated data on Soviet strength in order to win Congressional support for higher military spending. And given the political climate already mentioned, this process naturally tends to result in ever-increasing military budgets and the acquisition of more potent hardware.

Economic factors also play a role. Inflation in the defense industries is running at about twice the rate as it is in the economy as a whole, with the result that arms firms must receive an even larger slice of the Federal budget pie (their principal source of income) merely to stay even. And since Carter has vowed to reduce the Federal deficit in order to curb inflation, increases in military spending can only come at the

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expense of cutbacks in social services. Such cutbacks have been opposed by unions, minorities and urban leaders, thus touching off a bitter debate over national priorities—guns versus butter.

There are also some sectors of the population which feel threatened by the political gains made by women, blacks, Chicanos, gays and other minorities in the 1960s, and who thus yearn for a return to the conformist, repressive atmosphere of the 1950s. Such constituencies are naturally receptive to calls for a new cold war, and tend to link "military preparedness" with other conservative causes (anti-labor, anti-abortion, anti-E.R.A., anti-affirmative action, anti-gay rights).

This is only a partial explanation of what lies behind the current upsurge in militarism, but at least it gives some indication of the political factors involved. All of these developments are likely to come to a head in the upcoming SALT II debate and the 1980 Presidential election, when conservative politicians of both parties will try to unseat Carter. In a dramatic expression of what is to come, former Deputy Secretary of Defense and current Governor of Texas, William P. Clements Jr., recently noted: "If [Carter] does not recognize and act on the dangers of a stop-and-start weapons policy; if he does not start afresh with SALT; if he does not unambiguously support our friends overseas, national security will, for the first time, become a prime issue in a Presidential election. Specifically, national security could become the No. 1 issue in 1980, *and it will destroy this President politically.*" (*Aviation Week & Space Technology*, Jan. 8, 1979; emphasis added.)

By now, you must think that I am deeply pessimistic about reversing the tide of militarism in the United States. If we look carefully, however, we can detect some hopeful signs. Many people—including some prominent labor, religious, business, and municipal leaders—are finally beginning to realize that any increase in war preparation will inevitably produce a decline in the quality of life enjoyed by most Americans. These people recognize that a new cold war will probably result in:

—Reductions in health, education and welfare benefits
—Increased taxation and/or inflation
—Diminished political freedom along with decreased tolerance for nonconforming social and cultural behavior
—The resumption of the draft
—Restrictions on trade with the socialist countries
—The further deterioration of the older "core" cities
—And, of course, increased exposure to the risk of nuclear war

And since these leaders are responsible, in one way or another, for the well-being of their constituencies, they have taken a more active role in opposing the trend toward higher military spending.

These efforts had their biggest political impact to date at the recent midterm convention of the Democratic Party in Memphis, Tenn., where opponents of increased military spending derailed what had been expected to be a near-unanimous endorsement of Carter's fiscal policies. Although most certified delegates finally voted to support the President's budget proposals, participants report that White House aides explored a variety of threats and promises to prevent adoption of resolutions that called for increased social rather than military spending. And while it is too early to predict when and where such efforts will be renewed, it is obvious from the Memphis event that there is much more opposition to Carter's "guns over butter" approach than was initially believed.

What lies ahead? In the near term, we can expect bitter debates over SALT and proposed Pentagon budget increases. From what I've learned about the proposed SALT treaty, it incorporates so much of what the hard-liners have demanded in the way of options for modernization of American weaponry that it should survive a Senate vote. But the vote will surely be close, and it is certain that the White House will promise still more nuclear weapons spending in order to gain the support of borderline Senators. And even with such promises, there is a chance that the treaty will fail—in which case we will quickly move into an even more volatile arms race.

Whatever the outcome of the SALT debate, I believe that the proponents of higher military spending will make significant headway in the coming year. But the adoption of SALT could result in a temporary relaxation of East-West tensions (although not nearly to the same degree as in the case of SALT I in 1972), allowing advocates of disarmament to press their cause. Much more organizing and coalition-building will be necessary, however, before the peace forces can steal the initiative away from the pro-military forces.

At this point, I am forced to agree with Governor Clements that "national security could become the No. 1 issue in 1980." And while I feel that it's too early to predict the demise of Carter, I do think that the mounting cold-war hysteria could destroy the chances for meaningful arms reduction efforts while imposing an even more rapacious war economy on our country. These developments will surely retard all progressive movements in the United States, and foster an atmosphere of militarism that could ultimately result in a McCarthy-type crackdown on radical and left organizations. It is thus clear to me that everyone working for social and economic justice in this country will have to join in the struggle against resurgent militarism and interventionism or risk the ruination of all their efforts in a new round of cold-war hysteria. There can be no middle ground in this struggle: any individual or group that neglects to take a stand in the debate over United States military policy will quite simply be left out of politics as we know it in the years ahead. □

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New Militarism In Japan

DONALD KIRK

Tokyo

The American Embassy had made a major miscalculation. For weeks its political analysts had been saying that the Government of Takeo Fukuda would easily win the primary election of the Liberal-Democratic Party (L.P.D.), thus assuring the conservative, pro-American Fukuda another two years as Prime Minister. But when the final returns were in, the "dovish," "liberal" Masayoshi Ohira was the runaway victor. By then, the embassy's top analysts were launching a new project: they were announcing new "guidelines" for Japan-United States defense cooperation," the result of more than two years of secret, little-publicized talks between Japanese and American experts.

At the briefing session the bland, silver-haired American diplomat asked reporters not to use his name. Perhaps he thought whatever he said would provoke an adverse reaction among the dwindling numbers of Japanese worried about a renaissance of militarism—and American insistence on encouraging it. "We're dealing with three eventualities," he said in a soothing monotone that could put a listener to sleep before he became aware of the implications. First was the business of "deterring an attack on peace." Second was the "security of Japan." Third was "the situation in the Far East outside Japan." The United States and Japan would collaborate on "operations and logistics" through a "coordination center" and would "engage in joint exercises" on a scale unprecedented in the eighteen-year history of the alliance, born during the fiercest anti-American riots ever staged here.

The setting of those guidelines was far more portentous than the replacement by the ruling party of its Prime Minister. For years the Americans have been high-pressuring Japan both to increase its defense spending, which has been limited to 1 percent of the gross national product, and to invest more heavily in the upkeep of American bases on Japanese soil. A succession of Prime Ministers and bureaucrats could cite several reasons for not doing so. The obvious one was Article Nine of the postwar Constitution, adopted under Gen. Douglas MacArthur's tutelage, forbidding any kind of military establishment. (Although General MacArthur inspired the "peace Constitution," he was primarily responsible for circumventing it during the Korean War by encouraging the formation of the euphemistically named Self-Defense Forces, at present numbering 233,000 men in all three services.) Next was Japan's desperate drive to rebuild economically and then grow and compete on the same level as its conqueror. Third, of course, was the genuine popular revulsion against Japanese militarism, a legacy of the humiliation and suffering of defeat.

Now, in a subtle way, the mood is changing. In a poll conducted by *Yomiuri Shimbun*, one of Japan's huge national newspapers, nearly half the respondents said "Don't know" when asked if military spending should exceed 1 percent of the gross national product. The other respondents were fairly evenly divided between "yes" and "no" answers. More than half perceived the Soviet Union as the main threat, while 38 percent expressed doubt about America's willingness to come to Japan's aid in case of attack.

It was in this atmosphere of waning resistance to a major increase in Japan's military commitment that American negotiators could drive home their own aim of encouraging Japan's military resurgence. American and Japanese officials carefully timed the disclosure of the "guidelines" for after the Liberal Democratic Party's primary to prevent their becoming a campaign issue. Both sides concealed beneath a veneer of skillfully contrived "routine" what may prove to be a historic turning point in American and Japanese military collaboration in Asia. American officials in particular were anxious to explain that the "guidelines" called only for planning of the sort that goes on every day among America's NATO allies. One American official said the United States and Japan had often played war games and denied that a joint exercise then underway by Japanese and American fighter planes was "anything new." The

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truth was, however, that American and Japanese planes had never before carried out such an exercise, and American and Japanese naval and ground forces have never conducted a major war game of any kind.

Although it has been scantily reported in the West, the United States and Japan are quietly conducting a joint military buildup in the Pacific on a scale unprecedented since the Korean conflict. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, in a quick visit here before release of the defense guidelines, assured the Japanese that the United States was making "quantitative improvements" in the Pacific, notably by increasing the numbers of its F-14s on aircraft carriers and introducing Spruance-class destroyers and Los Angeles-class attack submarines. In effect the United States offered Japan the promise of increased protection in return for administering the *shokku* (shock) of the phased withdrawal of American ground troops from Korea, regarded by Japan as the historic avenue of attack from Asia.

Just a few years ago that announcement might have sent thousands of radicals snake-dancing through Tokyo and other cities shouting slogans denouncing the United States-Japanese security pact. The rebels lost their most effective issues, though, when Okinawa reverted from American to Japanese control in 1972 and when the Vietnam War ended three years later. Their ranks are thinning and public sympathy has declined. It was one thing to excoriate America for using its bases in Japan in support of an unpopular war 2,500 miles away but quite another to oppose an alliance that seemed increasingly necessary for Japan's own defense.

Last July the defense debate moved from the arena of seminars and newspaper columns into the headlines when Japan's highest-ranking military officer Gen. Hiroomi Kurisu, chairman of the joint staff council, was fired. In a culture that emphasizes bureaucratic anonymity and "consensus," Kurisu's offense was remarkable indeed. He publicly vented the pent-up frustrations of military men by suggesting that if Japan were attacked the Self-Defense Forces (S.D.F.) should act on their own, without awaiting orders from civilian leaders.

The sensation of Kurisu's dismissal, however, was less than it seemed. The inner political story was one of Machiavellian rivalries. At the time, Fukuda was trying to maneuver a dissolution of the Diet (Parliament). He believed new elections would strengthen him against rival factions of the L.D.P. and enhance his chances for re-election as party president—and Prime Minister. His worst enemy, Kakuei Tanaka, forced to resign as Prime Minister under a cloud of scandal in 1974, seized upon Kurisu's comment, made in an interview with a weekly magazine, as a convenient device for frustrating Fukuda's tactic. Tanaka told Shin Kanemaru, a member of his faction and director-general of the Defense Agency, to demand Kurisu's resignation and turn aside the debate on Diet dissolution by creating a diversionary furor over "emergency" powers for the S.D.F.

Fukuda might have discouraged the "emergency debate" that ensued by stating that existing guidelines sufficed. Instead, he attempted—unsuccessfully—to win political mileage by politely favoring "a study" of the issue. He did reiterate his own solemn dedication to the principle that only the Prime Minister could give the order to fight, even during an immediate "emergency." But he managed simultaneously to project a hawkish image by pointedly paying a "private visit" to Tokyo's Yasukuni shrine and reviewing an S.D.F. parade at Asaka. The gesture caused little comment, but he captured what he saw as the changing mood by telling the troops that sympathy for the military was increasing and Japan should strengthen its defenses against attack.

If the mood in Japan was changing, it was probably in the direction of improving the S.D.F. within existing laws. Few Japanese dispute the view that the S.D.F. is both ill-equipped and undertrained.

Oddly enough, however, the national mood still does not favor a quantum leap in military spending—which was $8.6 billion last year, or just under 1 percent of the gross national product. Defense experts argue for increasing the budget to 1½ or 2 percent of the G.N.P., but the politicians know better. Yasuhiro Nakasone, the most "right-wing" of the L.D.P. factional leaders, set off small tremors during the primary election when he called for military spending of 3 percent of the G.N.P. He finished a dismal third among the four candidates Most Japanese viewed the balloting among dues-paying L.D.P. members and "associates" as a matter of consequence only to professional politicians. Ohira, like Fukuda, shared the national aim of exploiting the China market. Ohira also hoped to conciliate the Soviet Union by playing upon Russia's economic needs—the factor in the equation that even the "hawks" believed would stave off war.

Japan's own industrial complex, to be sure, could scramble the equation by going into the arms business in a major way. Most of the major industrial combines, reconstructed descendants of the zaibatsu, which MacArthur supposedly broke up after the war, already make military equipment as a sideline. Mitsubishi, for instance, fashioned M-74 tanks—M for Mitsubishi and 74 for the year in which they were first produced. Komatsu, manufacturer of heavy farm and industrial equipment, produces mobile howitzers. Nippon Steel turns out artillery pieces. Fujitsu makes sophisticated electronic gear with military application—and so on.

Japan's industrialists have adopted a we-can-take-it-or-leave-it attitude in discussing their future as military manufacturers. They point out that no single company or group relies upon military production for survival—and even complain that it is time-consuming and unprofitable. Mitsubishi actually completed only a few hundred M-74s before suspending the line. As it was, Mitsubishi had to sell them to the Defense Agency at several times the price of foreign equivalents merely to break even. Nonetheless, unpubli-

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cized, often subtle pressure from big business could undermine the anti-war consensus. Long-term recession especially might provide the rationale to persuade the Government to order cruisers and aircraft carriers for a new naval task force—and thus revive the ailing shipbuilding industry. The general belief is that Japan's industry could go on a full, and profitable, war footing within two years.

For the present, though, Japan's industrialists are quietly working for some relaxation of restrictions on the export of military materiel. In the past few months the Government has cracked down on small firms charged with smuggling pistols out of the country—a harbinger of increasing interest in exports by big business. In 1977 Fukuda, for all his conservative backing, had to refuse Mitsubishi's request for permission to export some of its M-74s to the Mideast. Leaders of Keidanren, the federation of business and industrial organizations, ask why Japan cannot export arms while "peace-loving, religious President Carter" blandly approves the export of weapons from the United States. The "opening of China" to massive imports from Japan might someday provide the wedge. The Government wholeheartedly endorsed the sale of computers and other electronic gadgetry for China's military establishment, easily winning the approval of the Coordinating Committee of Western Allies, which ordinarily frowns upon military exports to Communist nations. But the fear of forcing a confrontation with the Russians would doubtless inhibit large-scale exports of military hardware to the Chinese mainland.

Yet another factor, however, is America's unremitting effort to persuade Japan to rearm much more heavily than it now wants to. For years officials in Washington have privately charged that the Japanese were letting the United States bear most of the financial burden of defense while Japan grew into an economic superpower. Americans bitterly accuse Japan of shirking "responsibility" for the drastically increasing payments in yen toward the cost of keeping some 40,000 American troops here while the dollar declines on the local exchanges. After lengthy negotiations, during Secretary of Defense Brown's visit, the Japanese reluctantly agreed to increase their contribution from the yen equivalent of $500 million to nearly $700 million a year. From the American viewpoint, the guidelines on "defense cooperation" provide the most likely framework within which to force the Japanese to do what they have regarded as "the unthinkable" ever since mid-August of 1945: remilitarize their society. The idea is that Japan's Self-Defense Forces "will primarily conduct defense operations in Japanese territory and its surrounding waters and air space" while United States forces offer "support" further afield in the form of strategic bombing and naval strikes against shipping and ports.

The next step, said an American diplomat, is for planners on both sides "to sit down and put flesh on the bone." He admitted that "nobody knows what will come of it" but acknowledged "a growing security consciousness" among Japanese officials. The Japanese public, the American said, was "a little less nervous" about rearming, and the Americans were doing whatever they could to promote a new consensus for militarism in a country still governed by an American-authored "peace" Constitution. □

Massacre

(Continued from Front Cover)

tation and leadership. In the 1976 Democratic convention, she played a decisive role in moderating a rebellion among women delegates who were pressing for an immediate rules change that would guarantee fifty-fifty representation of men and women at the next convention. Abzug led a group of women leaders to a meeting with Carter during the convention at which he made specific commitments to their goals. Impressed by his statement that he wanted to be known as the President who won equal rights for women, Abzug campaigned for Carter after having been invited to a meeting with campaign manager Hamilton Jordan in Atlanta, at which he asked for her help.

Abzug devoted much of 1977 to working as the unpaid head of the National Commission on the Observance of International Women's Year, which held the successful National Women's Conference in Houston. The conference, attended by more than 2,000 elected delegates from every state, produced a twenty-six-point National Plan of Action that Carter subsequently described as "a national agenda to achieve women's full rights and equality."

The national I.W.Y. commission's legal mandate expired on March 31, 1978, and Abzug and other women leaders, aided by Midge Costanza, then an adviser in the White House, pressured Carter to appoint a new commission. Previous Administrations dating back to Kennedy's had all had commissions on the status of women. Carter dragged his feet, then decided to create a National Advisory Committee for Women rather than a commission, and finally announced on June 20, 1978 his forty appointees. Abzug and Carmen Delgado Votaw, a former I.W.Y. commissioner and president of the National Conference of Puerto Rican Women, were named co-chairs.

Task forces were set up to monitor implementation of the National Plan of Action, and the committee prepared and approved a detailed analysis of a message Carter had sent to Congress on September 17, in which he reported, as required by law, what he was doing to carry out the Houston recommendations.

In behalf of the committee, Abzug and Votaw formally asked for a White House meeting with Carter and members of his Cabinet to discuss their report.

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On November 16, Sarah Weddington, who had replaced Costanza, informed Abzug and Votaw that the President would meet with the committee for fifteen minutes on the afternoon of November 22, the day before Thanksgiving. No Cabinet members would be present. The two co-chairs were disturbed by this response, but accepted the appointment and alerted the committee members to the new date, which required last-minute changes of travel plans and a scramble for new plane reservations for Thanksgiving eve. Some of the women would be coming from such faraway places as Hawaii, California, Texas and Colorado.

When about thirty of the thirty-nine committee members assembled on November 21, the realization sank in that they had come long distances at great personal inconvenience for what was going to be largely a ceremonial first meeting with the President.

"I don't think we should go at all," said Addie Wyatt, a vice president of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen from Chicago. Maxine Waters, a dynamic young black Democratic legislator from California, agreed, and it quickly became evident that most of the other women felt they were being insulted and their serious issues were getting the usual offhand treatment from the male power structure. Their anger deepened later when they learned that the President was taking the time to fly to Utah the following week to receive an award from the Mormon Church, a focal point of opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment.

With Votaw in the chair, Wyatt and Waters introduced a resolution to send a letter to the President canceling the next afternoon's appointment and requesting a full-scale meeting at a later date. The resolution passed without visible opposition. Gretta Dewald of the Democratic National Committee's women's division and a few other women abstained.

Abzug had been in the chair at the opening of the meeting, but left soon afterward for some TV interviews that had been arranged to publicize the session with the President the next day. Upon her return, she called for a reopening of debate and argued long and hard against the decision to cancel the meeting with Carter. She worried that it would create animosity at the White House and cut off access to the Administration. And, she added prophetically, "I'll be the one to pay for it. They'll think I put you up to it." The committee went into executive session, thrashed out the whole question again, and decided to stick with the cancellation.

Despite her misgivings, Abzug accepted the decision. She called the White House to inform officials there of what had happened. A letter was hand-delivered to the President stating in part that the committee felt "it would not be properly fulfilling its advisory function if it engaged in only a brief token meeting with you in which we could not even list our concerns, let alone exchange views and information."

After sending the letter, which also contained the ritual appreciation of the President's past accomplishments, Abzug and Votaw talked to Carter on the phone. He apologized for the brevity of the meeting that had been scheduled. He was friendly, agreed to a longer meeting, told them to work it out with his staff, and approved when Abzug said she had also requested a meeting with his chief domestic policy adviser, Stuart Eizenstat. The women were elated, feeling that the committee's show of militancy had paid off.

While negotiating with the White House for the date of their new meeting with the President, the committee arranged to see Eizenstat on December 20. Abzug and Votaw brought with them a twenty-four-page memorandum (which was also summarized in a news release) stating their concerns and describing specific budget cuts that imperiled women's programs. In the process of compiling their data, the committee's small staff found they were the only group examining major domestic programs for their potential overall impact on women.

"Increasingly," their memo said, "poverty in the U.S.A. is becoming female poverty." It said this was "the result of the rise in the number of female-headed households; the segregation of women into low-paying occupations, with 80 percent of the women's workforce clustered at the bottom of the pay scale; the continuing wage differential, with women averaging 60 cents an hour for every dollar earned by men; insufficient job training programs for working women, unemployed women, displaced homemakers, minority women and disabled women; insufficient enforcement of anti-discriminatory laws and executive orders; and grossly inadequate numbers of child care facilities for the six million pre-school age children whose mothers work and for the millions of other children whose mothers are locked into dead-end, welfare subsistence."

They noted that women are 41 percent of the employed labor force, but 48 percent of the total unemployed and two-thirds of the hidden unemployed. The national unemployment rate for women is 7 percent. It is twice as high for minority women, and among minority teen-agers "it is a shocking 36.8 percent," they said. They argued that planned slashes in C.E.T.A. jobs would have a disproportionate impact on women, who are 63 percent of the poverty population. They opposed cuts in welfare reform demonstration projects, shifting of funds for new displaced homemaker programs, postponement of national health insurance, a reduction in preventive health services for Indians and Alaska natives, cuts in vocational and sex equity education programs, and a rumored decision not to fund a new program for independent living centers for the disabled.

The memo also warned that the 7 percent wage guideline could lock women into discriminatory wage patterns and prevent them from catching up with male earning rates. Since almost 80 percent of working women are not in unions, women would be defenseless against employer moves to keep wages down.

Eizenstat disputed the women on some issues, but

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agreed that the Government had been insensitive to what he called the "profound implications" for public policy of the increased participation of women in the work force. (Forty-nine percent of women work, and 90 percent work at some time in their lives.) He admitted there was no overall policy on women in the economy and suggested that he and the women's committee meet regularly.

On a week's notice, the meeting with Carter was finally scheduled for January 12, seven months after the committee had been appointed. A statement for Carter was drafted and reviewed at a committee meeting on January 11. At the insistence of Eleanor Smeal, president of NOW (National Organization for Women), greater emphasis was put on the E.R.A. The NOW leader felt that Carter was not using his political clout with governors and state legislators to get the three additional states needed for ratification.

Votaw, who was in the chair, routinely approved a press release summarizing the main points of the full statement to Carter. Abzug, who could not be at the meeting until the following day, did not see the press release, but had no disagreement with it. The press statement, headlined "President Carter Challenged on Social Priorities by National Advisory Committee for Women," was scheduled for release the following afternoon and sent to the White House press office as a backgrounder. The committee's press representative planned to issue an updated release after the Carter meeting on Friday.

According to an account in *The Washington Post* January 17, when Jordan and Jody Powell saw the news release on Thursday night, they decided on the spot that Abzug had to be fired. They met the following morning with Carter's media adviser, Gerald Rafshoon, Weddington, Eizenstat, Anne Wexler and other White House staffers to discuss how the firing should be done. They weighed the options of informing Abzug in advance and canceling the meeting; telling her at the meeting; or telling her privately after the meeting, without informing other committee members. They decided on the third option. They then informed the President, who agreed. It had been a bad couple of days for the White House, with Billy Carter making headlines in Georgia and the President saying there was nothing he could do about it. Jordan and Powell then tipped off the White House press corps to stick around late that afternoon for what they promised was going to be a "fun" front-page story. Jordan, who is regarded as the reigning White House male chauvinist, spearheaded the effort and, others reported, could hardly contain his joy at the thought of the coming confrontation with Abzug.

"It's very frustrating around here," a White House official said, according to *The Washington Post* story of January 17. "You get kicked from all sides and there's not much you can do to get back. But suddenly this was something that could be done—swiftly, decisively—to take care of someone who was really sticking it to us." (At a press conference the next day, Nancy Neuman of the League of Women Voters, one of those who resigned, said, "When you have a tough day at the office, you come home and kick your dog. They think women are vulnerable like dogs.")

When the women's committee was ushered into the Cabinet room at 2:30 P.M., they had no suspicion of what was to come. Abzug and Votaw had been handed a note from Jordan saying he wanted to see them later, but he didn't say why.

After picture-taking, Carter in an almost inaudible voice reiterated his commitment to women's rights and said he wanted a harmonious relationship with the committee. Abzug, to break the ice, joked that it was quite a tough day for the President, with George Meany and other labor leaders, who had just met with him, a heavy snowstorm, and now the women. Carter looked out of the window at the white lawn, and said he liked the snow. As committee members introduced themselves, Carter blew kisses to a few he knew personally. Abzug and Votaw led off with an extemporaneous summary of what was in their formal statement. Carter seemed to flinch when Abzug said his commitment to NATO to increase the military budget should be weighed against his commitment to the electorate to reduce military spending. She said his recognition of China, his Middle East initiative and the pending SALT agreement should make it possible to slow down the arms race and provide more funds for human needs programs.

Smeal spoke in urgent tones about the E.R.A., Wyatt discussed the problem of unemployment for women; Marjorie Bell Chambers, a Republican and head of the American Association of University Women, who was later named by Carter to succeed Abzug temporarily, talked about cuts in sex equity and vocational education programs; Billie Nave Masters talked about Indian women; and Mildred Jeffrey, head of the National Women's Political Caucus, pointed out that only four women have been nominated so far for 117 new Federal District Court judgeships.

Carter responded at length in a dispirited tone. He said he had been very disappointed in the committee. He didn't mind criticism, but he had expected the women to be his allies and more supportive. Instead, they had canceled their meeting with him; they were more interested in confrontation and public relations than in working with him; they had issued a press release that was "95 percent critical" of him. He said he felt there was an irreparable breach but then went on to say that he wanted a more harmonious and regular working relationship with them. He suggested that they also set up small committees to confer with Cabinet members and other Administration officials on specific issues.

Abzug replied that the committee statement was not meant as a personal attack on the President but that it represented "feminine anguish" about policies that affected them and on which they had not been heard. She said the committee wanted to give its advice to the Administration but no Cabinet official had ever come to them and asked for their views on

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anything. Perhaps if women had more power, she suggested, they could come up with other solutions to inflation, such as curbing monopolies and the military budget. She concluded by saying that the committee, too, wanted a more harmonious and regular working relationship and would be glad to meet with Administration officials.

(In a television interview the following week, committee member Sey Chassler, editor of *Redbook* magazine, who also resigned, said Abzug was eloquent, and denied that she had shaken a finger at the President or lectured him in an angry voice, a description that was circulated by White House aides.)

Everyone stood and applauded as the President left. Abzug and Votaw then went out to tell the press waiting on the White House steps that they had held a very positive meeting with President Carter, they were pleased, and they looked forward to better relations with him.

As committee members headed for planes and trains in the late afternoon, the two co-chairs went to Jordan's office. He said he wanted to see them separately. Votaw went in first, and was told by Jordan that Abzug was being dismissed and could she suggest a replacement for her. Votaw was stunned, and left the White House in tears.

Abzug then went in and found Jordan with Robert Lipshutz, the President's counsel, and another White House aide. Jordan handed her a letter of dismissal signed by himself, and said they wanted her to resign immediately. Abzug, who said later that the two officials behaved "like hatchet men," protested and demanded an explanation. She said she had just told the press they had held a good meeting with the President. Jordan mentioned the canceled appointment and the offending press release.

According to Abzug, she told them she felt she was being made a scapegoat, Lipshutz called her a liar and then said he hated the word "scapegoat." Abzug said he added, "Next thing you'll be saying we fired you because you're Jewish." Abzug said she was prepared to leave the committee, but wanted time to discuss it with the other members and work out how it should be done. She said she had personal problems (her husband had been ill) and wanted her leaving arranged in an orderly way and without any brouhaha. Jordan replied that if she had personal problems she shouldn't be the head of a committee. They continued to press her, and Abzug left, saying she needed time to think about it.

When she got back to her office, shaken by the experience and crying, Jordan was calling on the phone. He said he had to know immediately whether she was resigning because the press already knew about it. She told him to do what he wanted, and hung up.

About a half-dozen committee members who were still in Washington were called and met at the office until the early morning hours. Votaw and Abzug issued a joint press statement, in which Votaw said she was resigning "in solidarity" with her co-chair. The others discussed the fate of the committee at length and finally agreed they had no alternative but to resign. They drafted a joint statement, in which they announced their resignations and those of others whom they had called, and said: "We believe that women and men of like mind will refuse to participate in an advisory committee in which disagreement with the President and legitimate criticism are not acceptable."

Apparently misled by Abzug's "Battling Bella" press image and her three successive electoral losses, the Carter Administration miscalculated badly in its belief that the Abzug dismissal would be widely popular with voters, more traditional women's groups or press opinion makers. Instead, there were press comments about the "double standard" of the Carter Administration, which gave "kid glove" treatment to Bert Lance and Peter Bourne when they departed under public fire, but humiliated Abzug and Midge Costanza, who had been forced out earlier as a White House adviser. The front-page press stories that followed got across the message that Abzug was treated very badly and that the committee's integrity and independence had been threatened. Carter's aides were so poorly informed about Abzug's deep support among women that they were convinced their decision would be acclaimed. Instead, although the White House was congratulated by Phyllis Schafly and other anti-E.R.A. opponents, twenty-three committee members resigned in protest, including leaders of major women's organizations.

While the future of the committee remains in doubt, the Administration has made clear that it is expected to function as an adjunct to the White House rather than as an independent citizens' advisory group. When Chambers visited the committee office January 19, she said she was there as a "creature" of the White House and directed the staff not to refer in their work to the economy. She also indicated that the seven-woman staff would be reduced.

Abzug has declined to speculate on whether her dismissal would encourage a "dump Carter" movement. She is known to be more interested in building an independent political action movement than in getting tied to any particular Presidential candidate, and is also part of the newly formed Progressive Alliance, headed by Douglas Fraser of the United Auto Workers.

There is little doubt, however, that the "Friday night massacre" has cost Carter support among Democratic women activists and male liberals. Under a recently reached agreement, half the delegates to the 1980 convention will be women. While they will not all be feminists, they represent a potentially formidable bloc of votes that could give Carter serious trouble. He may hope that his inviting Abzug out and inviting Nixon in to a White House dinner may help with what he regards as a conservative electorate, but he still has to get through the Democratic Party process. Memphis was only a dress rehearsal. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

On Realism

MAX APPLE

I am a fiction writer. I make things up. I stand accused of a quirky imagination. My publisher sends out a flyer suggesting that my work is zany. Book reviewers have called me crazy. My friends ask me where I get my strange ideas. It's time to come clean. Life is too brief for irony. I admit to following the news.

It's true that like all writers I sit at an outdoor cafe in Paris with my drinking buddies and plot affairs of the heart or my next blockbuster. But sometimes, while my mistress is having her poodle bathed, I read newspapers. Although it has nothing to do with my zaniness, in the last few weeks I've learned a little about the world.

The Shah of Iran's 90-year-old mother is attacked by a horde of students. They try to scale the walls of a Beverly Hills mansion where she is defended by loyal neighbors and a small police force. For the first time since the new emission control standards were passed police have to drive over student demonstrators. The Shah then tells his realtors to scout out Palm Springs. He wants to be close to his old friends Jerry Ford and Dick Nixon. If he becomes a citizen and gets P.G.A. approval he might allow a golf tournament to be named for him. The Shah is, after all, very photogenic and more experienced than Bob Hope at passing out medals.

Half of every front page is devoted to the economy and inflation. Dr. Kahn and Dr. Schlesinger and Dr. Blumenthal, backed by the most sophisticated methods of economic analysis, try to find a discreet way to say that we're in big trouble. Most of the labor unions have already hired graphic designers to prepare for strikes. Manufacturers, in anticipation of anticipators, raise prices. The most farsighted among us dig 10,000 gallon gasoline storage tanks the way our ancestors dug bomb shelters.

Somewhere in Saudi Arabia the seven sons of a lady named Sudairi piously thank Allah who has given them the world. They are not undeserving. Their grandfather Abdul-Aziz conquered the roving Bedouins. He is the George Washington of the desert. Those Arabian brothers exemplify the old-fashioned family virtues that we Americans used to admire. The Saudi princes do not turn their backs on male cousins and nephews, they make them ministers of state. And the royal ladies too are housed in comfort and treated with respect. The Saudi brothers are well matched with their Western counterpart, the Seven Sisters. The Sisters are not treated by us as respectfully as they once were but, so far, they too are maintaining family solidarity. If the worst happens, if we disband the Sisters, and the sons of the Sudairi thereby stop trusting us, then "my good friend Jimmy Carter," country cousin of "my good friend Henry Kissinger," will invite everyone to a pastoral retreat named after President Nixon's son-in-law and the world will get back to the business of keeping everything the same.

Then we move a little further East. There isn't much time for India. The former Prime Minister has been arrested and the current leader of Government drinks his own urine. In Pakistan the former Prime Minister is on trial for murder. Off the coast of Malaysia, refugees cruise the balmy sea. We head right for that old Marine stomping ground, home of the D.M.Z., the light at the end of the tunnel, Hamburger Hill, etc.

About ten years ago lots of us had trouble staying in school and out of jail because we thought America should leave Vietnam and even Cambodia to conduct their own wars. We settled our differences the way a democracy should, by driving a President from office and creating a good movie, lots of books, and some memorable, if repetitious, TV.

Now the Vietnamese and Cambodians seem to be starting all over again and our State Department is worried that the Chinese and/or the Soviet Union will mistake this squabble for something more than a local conflict.

But chances are that they won't meddle because China has just signed an exclusive and binding long-term contract with Coca-Cola and the Russians are already under contract to Pepsi. Furthermore, our new friends in China know that the United States, where baldness strikes one in three males, is the best market for human hair, which they hope to exchange for advanced computer technology.

Closer to home, but still front page, a man in Oregon, acquitted last week of raping his wife, is now happily reunited with her. "I think we've learned a lot," he says. "The other day we had a fight and we knew how to take care of it." The lady says that she is "reborn" and thanks the Almighty.

This young couple will now surely sell the book and movie rights to their rape-acquittal-reunion. And since I'm not at this time engaged in anything but the truth, maybe some realistic editor will read this, chew on his brutal cigar and offer me a few thousand to write up their story.

It would be hard to turn down such an offer—hard too to turn down the Shah, the Sisters, the Saudis, the President, the Chinese, the whole world singing in tune to reality, but we storytellers do it all the time. We put down the newspaper, leave Paris and begin to make up unlikely things. That's why we're crazy. □

Max Apple is the author of The Oranging of America and Other Stories *and* Zip *(Viking).*

Cultural Deformations

GENE LYONS

THE COUP. *By John Updike. Alfred A Knopf. 299 pp. $8.95.*

A few pages into Chapter V of *The Coup*, John Updike's rather surprising novel about the dictator of an imaginary sub-Saharan kingdom, the reader is apprised of the following: "All the nubile women in our land of Kush, above the lowest social stratum, carry a dagger with which to stab their own hearts if their honor is compromised, ere the rapist can work his will." A couple of thousand words further on in the same chapter, narrator-protagonist Hakim Felix Ellellou, the potentate himself, speaks in the third person of the jealousy his white American mistress had shown during their college days in Wisconsin when she learned of his unfaithfulness: "Her overreaction had baffled and then frightened him. He had tapped, all too innocently, a source of passion, of human power, unknown to Africa. In the village, the bushes had every night quivered with casual pair-

Gene Lyons has written about small magazines for The Nation.

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ings." In far off Kush, it seems, the natives know terminal honor, but copulate voluntarily in pre-lapsarian glee. Maybe I am displaying anthropological illiteracy, but I have difficulty getting my mind around that.

Perhaps a confession is in order before I go any further. I have read nothing of Updike's since the closing pages of *Rabbit Redux*, a novel touted as a work of genius in several high places when it came out in 1971, but which struck me as unintentionally comic, and in a manner more infuriating than amusing. You will recall Skeeter, that is "Sally, Katherine, double Easter," as a theologically inclined police radio spells the name. Skeeter is Updike's angry black man. It is he who forces Rabbit's drug-crazed teen-aged lover to fellate him in front of the redneck suburbanite's picture window, leading to the firebombing of Rabbit's house by his racist neighbors and the immolation of young Jill, who remains unconscious in her bed due to a heroin overdose Skeeter gives her. Skeeter escapes, and is conveyed out of town by Rabbit, who in the space of a half-dozen sentences rejects the idea of giving Skeeter a "Judas kiss," and "waiting for the word," leaves him "hanging empty handed" in a cornfield next to a road sign reading (honest) "Galilee 2." The narrative evasions in that book, encapsulated in exactly that sort of winking, nudging, pseudosymbolic sleight of hand, reminded me of the Wah-wah bird, a mythical beast celebrated in a coarse Rugby song for escaping enemies by flying in progressively tighter concentric spirals until it disappeared up what the song calls "the orifice of its fundament."

The Coup attracted my interest because of its subject matter. Writing about the Sahel, I thought, might help transform the muffled glories of Updike's ornate prose into something leaner, or lend a gravity to his religious impulses that neither Skeeter nor the author's suburban adulterers had ever done. At times in *The Coup* that almost seems what Updike himself has in mind. Kush could as easily be called Nil: "landlocked between the mongrelized, neo-capitalist puppet states of Zanj and Sahel . . . small for Africa, though larger than any two nations of Europe." Mostly desert and overgrazed savanna, the former colony that the French called Noire has a population density of .03 per hectare:

> Among the natural resources of Kush perhaps should be listed our diseases—an ample treasury which includes, besides famine and its edema and kwashiorkor, malaria, typhus, yellow fever, sleeping sickness, leprosy, bilharziasis, onchocerciasis, measles and yaws. As these are combatted by the genius of science, human life itself becomes a disease of the overworked, eroded earth. The average life expectancy in Kush is thirty-seven years, the per capita gross national product $79, the literacy rate 6%.

Not a fertile field, in short, for the workings of the will. "Conquerors and governments pass before the people as dim rumors, as entertainment in a hospital ward."

This is all very well, eloquent in fact, as substantial sections early in the novel are. Nobody would deny Updike's expository gifts, despite the occasional sentence that defies understanding. When it comes to such novelistic matters as plot, character and dialogue, however, his verbosity seems to overwhelm his judgment. Sentences and whole paragraphs detach themselves from the dramatic logic of the book until it can scarcely be said after a time to have one. Consider Kutunda, an illiterate, barefooted nomadic wench whom dictator Ellellou discovers on a tour of the drought-stricken northern part of the country while disguised as a beggar. Before he reveals himself and brings Kutunda back to be his consort in the capital city of Istiqlal, she travels the desert with a dwarf and a fraudulent holy man, coming to copulate in ditches with Ellellou still smelling of identical encounters with her two companions. A couple of months in town, though, and she is talking like this: "You personalize everything. . .I adore you, but it's not much of a career, is it, sitting around above a hash shop waiting to turn on the adoration? Michaelis gives me things to do." As an Updike character, of course, she also talks like this: "I'm sorry if I seemed preoccupied this morning, you caught me at a bad time, but I didn't fake my climax, I swear it. It was a beautiful climax, really. Only my President can lead me so utterly to forget myself. I am led to the brink of another world, and grow terrified lest I fall in and be annihilated. It's neat." Now astonishing cultural transformations are wrought everywhere in this electronic age of ours without the intervening stages of literacy, but *"It's neat"?*

As a quite ferocious Moslem converted to the belief by black Muslims during his college days in America in the 1950s, Ellellou has four wives to complement Kutunda. Taken in order they are Kadongolimi, an enormously fat older woman from his home village; Candy, a white Wisconsin suburbanite who goes about veiled from head to foot disguised as a pious Berber and whose race has escaped public detection for many years; Sittina, the long-legged daughter of a Tutsi chief who prepped at a small college in Alabama and is, among other things a fashion designer and world class sprinter who hangs Chagalls on her walls and laments the lack of pate in the shops, and Sheba, who specializes in getting stoned and oral sex.

Given Updike's predilections, in fact, it is tempting to wonder whether it is not the idea of four wives that interests him more than anything else. It is Sheba who attracts the attention of Sidi Mukhtar, the leader of a camel caravan in which she and Ellellou make a pilgrimage to the most remote desert mountains. Revealing his identity after a raid, the President is told by the camel driver that he knew him all along and otherwise would have killed him "to sell Madame to the Yeminis. Good posh black girls, with correct long neck and hollow back, very hard to come by. Only shoddy slaves come on market now. Mostly drug addicts from bourgeois

dis-sent'

I. To disagree, to differ in opinion; to be of contrary sentiment; without assent—
II. The act or state of dissenting; disagreement; refusal to conform—
III. (Latin *dis-*, apart, —*sentio*, feel)
—*Funk & Wagnalls Dictionary*

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European families, decadent riffraff looking for security. Yeminis, Saudis need intelligent slaves, to operate electrical appliances."

Given that Updike cannot forbear making all of his characters sound like adulterous literature professors, it should not come as a surprise that the story line is a bit murky as well. In form the book is a memoir narrated by Ellellou from a Paris cafe table, where he has repaired in exile. Flashbacks to college days show the African student-in-exile in scenes more than a bit reminiscent of *Portnoy's Complaint* or *Annie Hall*. In Kush, however, Ellellou has to reconcile his religious beliefs with an equally fierce Marxism and contempt for things American. On the same journey on which he locates Kutunda he leads a mob of Tuareg nomads in burning a stack of American junk food heaped just across the northern border of his country and intended for famine relief.

Returning to the capital, Ellellou decides to decapitate the old King, his former patron whom he has kept imprisoned since seizing the Government. Perhaps ritual purgation will bring the rains. No dice. "The chopped throat, surprisingly rich in purples and blues, spilled blood sobbingly. There came uninvited into my mind the flat side of that candy apple, where it has rested while hardening, and where the sugary semi-elastic glaze was thickest. The taste of this glaze, bitten into, and its stubborn texture were as vivid to me as Kutunda's cry of joy. . . ." But Tuareg tribesmen, or Russians disguised as Tuaregs, or Americans impersonating Russians disguised as Tuaregs, or Russians wishing to be taken as Americans impersonating Russians disguised etc., ride up and steal what Updike delicately calls "the smaller of the king's two bodily remains."

Next thing you know the king's head is in a cave in the remote Balak Mountains issuing prophecies, hence the camel-back pilgrimage of Ellellou and Sheba. Outcroppings of thought-provoking eloquence decorate the text throughout, but are no sooner contemplated than they are followed by manifest absurdities of the sort I have been quoting. For a time, indeed, I thought Updike's narrator had gone quite mad in the manner of Ellison's *Invisible Man*, particularly in the latter sections, and I have reread them carefully for clues. After a near fatal pilgrimage by foot and camel, Ellellou finds that the former King's head has been set up as a sort of tourist attraction with signs in several languages. Outside are concession stands "vending croissants and caviar, teriyaki and chili, kebab and hot dogs." Although the Russians are responsible, the King's head is pure Disneyland and speaks truth: "This man, while proclaiming hatred of the Americans, is in fact American at heart. . . and his political war, which causes him to burn gifts of food. . . is in truth a war within himself. . . ." In fact Updike goes to considerable lengths in his familiar fake-symbolic way, to insinuate that the desert nihilism that terrifies and attracts his hero, "the solitude, the monotony, the huge idiocy of this barren earth," is in fact, like the whiteness of Melville's whale, an essentially American form of dread. In the Portnoy-Annie Hall scenes, which are some of the best in the book and which Updike juxtaposes to the desert sequences, Wisconsin is full of snow, the enchanting but frightening nakedness of white women, and his future wife's living room, "the melting-iceberg shapes of its furniture, its whiteness and coldness and magnificent sterility; the emptiness, in short, of its lavish fullness. . . ." Even the black American girl who tries to wean him from Candy is

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described as being gray in color.

That a symbolist reading of a long narrative can parse a Deep Hidden Meaning out of what is otherwise confused and even ridiculous is a symptom of a kind of cultural confusion about literary meaning that one can only point to in the space available. For all of his earnest erudition, Updike seems as incapable now of putting together a sustained and coherent novel without such foolishness as he was in *Rabbit Redux*. □

The Facts of Imagination

MICHAEL MEWSHAW

A CHILDHOOD: The Biography of a Place. *By Harry Crews. Harper & Row. 171 pp. $8.95.*

Graham Greene has said that a writer's childhood is his bank account. For the rest of his life he draws against it for material—for ideas, characters, incidents, sometimes entire, ready-made stories. In the case of a conventional realist like Greene it is easy to see the validity of this statement, but there are some writers to whom it does not seem to apply.

Consider Harry Crews, for instance. Author of eight novels, each one an example of the Southern grotesque, he has taken a cast of the misfit and the malformed—freaks, side-show performers, psychopaths, cripples, midgets and catatonics—and yoked it to plots which are even more improbable than his characters. People drown in water beds, expire in snake pits, or are beaten to death by legless dwarfs. Often the love they find is fierce and harrowing, more likely to lead to dismemberment and death than to pleasure. Still, they have their games and pastimes. They sing gospel songs, pump iron, practice karate, raise hawks and round up rattlesnakes. One of them, the epitome of American exhibitionism and consumerism, eats an automobile in front of a paying audience.

His harshest critics claim that Crews always pushes things too far—to the point where his characters turn into caricatures and his plots become cartoons. There is, also, they say, something wanton and childish about the way he appears bound to destroy what he has so carefully created. It is as if, once he has set a scene, then populated it, he knows nothing else to do except overwhelm it with violence.

For his supporters—and this reviewer is one of them—Crews has always seemed a kind of home-grown Celine. Obsessed with good and evil, infatuated with blood, excrement and other bodily fluids, he is beset by existential nausea but, like any normal American, is not blind to the humor of it all. Bleak, mordant, appalling, Harry Crews can also be hilarious.

But now it appears that both his critics and fans may have been misreading him. Judging by his autobiography, *A Childhood*, Crews is, as Graham Greene would have it, drawing against a rich bank account of experience and writing a sort of social realism. Bacon County, Georgia, where he was born and raised, may sound like the product of a novelist's imagination, but it is real—"as real as rickets in the bones of their children or the worms that would sometimes rise out of their children's stomachs and nest in their throats so that they had to be pulled out by hand to keep the children from choking." It was also poor—"there wasn't enough cash money in the county to close up a dead man's eyes"—and men and women wore out early from trying to work its inhospitable soil. Crews's father died during the night of a massive heart attack, sleeping in the same bed beside Harry who crawled there to huddle for warmth.

His mother later married her husband's brother, Pascal, who had "under the eye on his left cheek. . .the scarred print of a perfect set of teeth." It was a time and place, Crews writes, when "nearly everybody I knew had something missing, a finger cut off, a toe split, an ear half-chewed away, an eye clouded with blindness from a glancing fence staple. And if they didn't have something missing, they were carrying scars from barbed wire, or knives, or fishhooks."

And even those people who were unblemished and in one piece had distinguishing features: "Hollis always smelled like his pockets were full of ripe chicken guts, and his overalls were stiff as metal. He didn't wear a beard; he wore a stubble. The stubble was coal black despite the fact that he was over 60, and it always seemed to be the same length, the length where you've got to shave or start telling everybody you're growing a beard. Hollis Toomey did neither."

In spite of—or perhaps because of—its physical deprivations, Bacon County was also "a society of storytelling people." As Crews explains it, "Since where we lived and how we lived was almost hermetically sealed from everything and everybody else, fabrication became a way of life. Making up stories, it seems to me now, was not only a way for us to understand the way we lived but also a defense against it."

In one of the book's most amusing and touching scenes, Crews acknowledges his first literary influence, the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, which some people used for toilet paper, but which many more kept as "a Wish Book" to pore over during their infrequent leisure hours. He and a black friend, Willalee Bookatee "made up stories out of it, used it to spin a web of fantasy about us. Without that catalogue our childhood would have been radically different. The Federal government ought to strike a medal for the Sears, Roebuck Company for sending all those catalogues to farming families, for bringing all that color and all that mystery and all that beauty into the lives of country people."

But *A Childhood* is of interest not only for the light it throws on Harry Crews's early development as a writer. As its subtitle, "The Biography of a Place," suggests, it serves as an elegy for "a way of life gone forever out of the world." It offers, for example, fascinating lore about the care and feeding of mules, including a cautionary tale about men who specialized in reconditioning the animals to look and act younger just before they were sold. Their attention to detail went all the way down to inducing flatulence, since it "is an act of faith in Bacon County that a farting mule is a good mule."

And there is a harrowing account of a hog-slaughtering which gains in dramatic impact because of the care and precision Crews takes to describe how the animals were killed. A boy of 8 or 9 "came right behind the hammer and drew a long razor-boned knife across the throat of the fallen hog. Blood spurted with the still-beating heart, and a live hog would sometimes turn to one that was lying beside it at the trough and stick its snout into the spurting blood and drink a bit just seconds before it had its own head crushed."

Such a scene might only call attention to itself and strike the reader as a senseless piece of gore if it weren't for

Michael Mewshaw's fifth novel, Land Without Shadow, *will be published in April.*

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the fact that a moment later Crews turns the same unflinching eye on himself. He had stumbled into, and been pulled out of, a cauldron of near-boiling water into which hogs were dipped and, while he stood there steaming and waiting for help, expecting to die, "I reached over and touched my right hand with my left, and the whole thing came off like a wet glove. I mean, the skin on the top of the wrist and the back of my hand, along with the fingernails, all just turned loose and slid on down to the ground."

Finally, this is the sort of scene which best adumbrates Crews's interests and talent. It is horrifying, yet also palpably real and utterly gripping. Though it describes a grim and painful incident, it is devoid of self-pity and ultimately not without humor.

Of course, such writing has its dangers, puerile sensationalism being primary among them, and when Crews falls short of his best work, his books can smack of sophomoric bravado and suggest a sort of *Grand Guignol* slumming. But throughout *A Childhood* he maintains a precarious balance between sentiment and sensation, memory and madness, and manages to convince the reader of two mutually exclusive imperatives which have shaped his life—the desire to escape Bacon County and the constant ineluctable need to go back, if only in memory. For those who know Crews's work well or those who want to become acquainted, *A Childhood* deserves careful reading and rereading. □

Existential Shrugging

BRINA CAPLAN

SOMEBODY'S DARLING. *By Larry McMurtry. Simon & Schuster. 279 pp. $9.95.*

A friend of mine once kept a list of "good reads," chatty, competent, companionable novels, which he believed could ease you through anxious or empty evenings. Like a telephone call from someone forgotten since high school, such a book would not say anything significant; it would not even ask the right questions—but it would occupy your time. "Good reads," my friend explained, are all that stand between humanity and tomorrow's appointment with the periodontist. No defense against imminent dentistry should be despised; we must value *Somebody's Darling* because it offers us pleasant company. Still, it is Larry McMurtry's seventh novel, and so this time we might expect something more.

Indeed, McMurtry often promises us a good novel. *Somebody's Darling* has an interesting story to tell: Hollywood has chosen Jill Peel, a shy, witty, work-obsessed animator and cinematic technician, to be America's first woman film director. Her initial effort, *Womanly Ways*, is successful, so successful that it sends her on to the New York Film Festival, an Oscar, and the direction of a second film, this one a Western, to be shot on location in Texas. Jill's success, however, proves insistent; it places her in the confidence of a dying mogul; it ensnares her in a brutal love affair. It sets her at odds with a vengeful, female superstar and enforces a nearly disasterous distance between her and her oldest friends. At 37, Jill Peel must struggle to reclaim herself from Hollywood's entangling system of rewards and punishments, and from the contradictory demands of love, work, friendship and fame.

McMurtry has divided *Somebody's Darling* among first-person narrators, a design that necessarily tests his technique as a storyteller. There are three sections, three different points of view. Jill's protector, Fitzgeraldesque adviser, and closest friend, Joe Percy, speaks first. The second section is recounted by Owen Oarson, ambitious, violent and emotionally numb, the lover whom Jill acquires during her stay in New York City. And Jill herself tells the last part of her story.

Since self-disclosure is the method of the novel, *Somebody's Darling* opens appropriately, in mid-conversation. The voice we overhear belongs to Joe Percy:

> "All I've learned about women is that whatever it is they want it's what I don't have," I said, to see what kind of rise it would get.
>
> "Don't have it—never had it—can't get it," I added, a little portentously.
>
> I was talking, as usual, mostly to hear myself talk. Declarations of that nature cut no ice with my companion, and I knew it.

This is an utterly engaging beginning. McMurtry issues an invitation to eavesdrop which, if we accept it, ought to draw us into the nature of his characters and set us within the bounded and

Brina Caplan teaches expository writing at Harvard University.

Photo: Constantine Manos

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carefully crafted world of the good novel.

McMurtry emphasizes his understanding of the importance of craft. He finds the epigraph for *Somebody's Darling* among the remarks of that most workmanly of novelists, Thomas Hardy; he has Joe Percy lecture Jill Peel on the subject: "'Art happens like love, but craft is loyalty, like marriage. . . . Loyalty is what's necessary, if you want to get something good out of the union.'" And McMurtry is himself an essayist, an academic and a screen writer as well as a novelist. Clearly, he knows that the author of a good read merely entertains his friends for an evening, whereas that more patient fellow, the author of a good novel, holds strangers in conversation over years, even over hundreds of years.

Through several of his novels now, Larry McMurtry has been charting a fictional world, extending its boundaries, populating it with recurrent characters. (Jill Peel figured pivotally in *All My Friends Are Going to Be Strangers*; Joe Percy had a walk-on role in *Terms of Endearment*.) The geography of this world is the author's own: humid Houston, intellectual Austin, Hollywood's hills and movie-lots, an outsider's-become-insider's New York. McMurtry has tenanted this landscape with Texans and Californians, with film people and book people, with eccentrics and hustlers, with artists and movie technicians, housewives and academics. When a fictional world accretes in this way, novel by novel, it allows its author time to cast over his landscape for meaning, pattern, value. There is a promise made, seemingly Hardy's own, that as the author slowly structures his fictional world, he will invest its architecture with a significant interpretation of inner and outer life. "Passion," says Joe Percy, "is usually answering some important question." Presumably Larry McMurtry intends to address an important question or two as he explores the interworkings of Jill Peel's passions—for work, for self-defeat, for "big, stupid, slightly cruel men."

Somebody's Darling hints at themes that McMurtry has suggested previously in earlier novels: the terror underlying all relationships between men and women; the paradoxical isolation that shadows a woman's growing strength; the difficulty of saving one's soul in a culture as nourishing as a greasy hamburger, as anonymously formed and fatally sterile as a styrofoam cup. Relentlessly pursued by a "how" or a "why," any of these themes would become substantial, an "important question," the material of a good novel. But once again, as in his previous fiction, McMurtry refuses to track down the game he has startled from the bushes. And so, despite Joe Percy's advocacy of "loyalty," of the persistence essential to craft, the hunt is lost. "Important questions" slip off into the woods while McMurtry entertains us with easy sentiment and instant laughs.

The dialogue of *Somebody's Darling* is consistently clever; but it is also uniformly clever and, therefore, finally, wearyingly clever. The three narrators of the novel, in fact the entire populace of McMurtry's world, speak a California variant of American Wiseass. "Women," Joe Percy tells us, "are like lawyers and torturers, more interested in process than in result." Without doubt it is a good line; however, it is not distinguishably Joe Percy's good line. Joe, debonair and death-haunted; Jill, desperate and struggling; Owen, tight-lipped and deliberate, all sound alike. They are facelessly funny, as interchangeably voluble as the writers of Johnny Carson's monologues.

Since the joyful and the suffering, the stupid and the sensitive all express their feelings casually in one-liners, no character in *Somebody's Darling* articulates an independent inner life. Moods remain causal unknowns, motives are as remote and unsummonable as ghosts at noon. Somehow or other, people simply feel this way today, that way tomorrow. As Jill Peel rhetorically concludes, reviewing the one-night stand that has destroyed an old friendship:

> The little roads that lead people up to and then away from one another are the most mazelike roads of all. My road to Bo, Bo's road to me, who knows?

Who ought to know? Conceivably the man with the map might be McMurtry himself, were he to cease sketching funny lines long enough to create fully dimensional portraits. He does not lack observational talent. But in spite of his awareness that craftsmanship requires patience, McMurtry remains obsessed by pace. He continues to be a quick-sketch artist who insists upon completing every picture within the moment.

As a result his novel trades away sub-

Contest For New Poets

"Discovery—THE NATION, '79" has been opened jointly by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and THE NATION. The competition, now in its fifth year, represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and THE NATION's poetry prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combined media of publication and poetry recital.

WINNERS of the 1978 contest were Tom Absher, Jane Miller, Mark Rubin and Sherod Santos. They gave a group reading at The Poetry Center on May 8, and had their poems published in THE NATION on May 13, 1978.

Contest Information

OPEN to poets whose work has NOT yet been published in book form. Book form includes chapbooks and self-published books.

REQUIREMENTS: Ten poems (not more than 500 lines) of original poetry in English are to be submitted.

THE AWARDS: Each of the four winners will receive an honorarium of $50 and will be invited to read at The Poetry Center on Monday, May 21, 1979. Each winner will have one poem, which has never been published, printed in THE NATION magazine.

MANUSCRIPT DETAILS: Submit four complete sets of the ten poems, each set securely fastened. Your name, biographical information and information indicating whether a particular poem has been published should NOT appear on the poems. Instead, a SEPARATE cover page should include your name, address and phone number. *Manuscripts will not be returned, so please retain a copy of your submission.* THE NATION reserves the right to publish at its regular rates any previously unpublished poems submitted by the four winners.

JUDGING will take place in April; winners will be chosen by judges whose names will be announced after the contest is over.

DEADLINE for receipt of poems: February 27, 1979.

SEND ALL ENTRIES TO: The Poetry Center, 92nd Street YM-YWHA, 1395 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10028. Direct inquiries to Mary Lisa Burns, Assistant to the Director, The Poetry Center.

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stance for speed, a costly bargain. "Important questions" give way to an easy existential shrug. Life, we learn, is not as good as the movies; or, as one character succinctly sums it up, "'life is a mess.'" If McMurtry had solidly invested his world with necessity, then such a conclusion might ring true. After all, Tess D'Urberville and Jude Fawley found life irremediably untidy. In such a case, we might accept the "lesson" that Jill Peel proffers at the end of the novel. "Perhaps," she says of herself and Joe Percy,

> Perhaps our lesson had been that we had learned to laugh at everything important that didn't make sense, which was almost everything important.

But Larry McMurtry's world is not intractible, complex and baffling; it is simple, clever, and timed for a laugh.

"It's a fast town," Joe Percy tells us, "never long at a loss for an ending." If this is Hollywood's flaw, it is also McMurtry's own. He is an extremely talented writer, funny, skillful, observant. But he must constantly arrive, and so he is unable to journey. Although McMurtry sets *Somebody's Darling* on the road to Wessex, he cannot steer it to its destination, because he insists on stopping off for a snack at every Dairy Queen along the highway. □

The System of Selby's Hell

MICHAEL STEPHENS

REQUIEM FOR A DREAM. *By Hubert Selby Jr. Playboy Press. 279 pp. $9.95.*

Requiem for a Dream is an American masterpiece. Besides that, it is hip, sweet sounding, and spiritual, combining, as it were, the Holy Bible, qualities of *Naked Lunch*, Kerouac at his beboppingest, Snyder and Ginsberg at their most transcendental, and Selby himself at his funkiest. It is Hubert Selby Jr.'s fourth novel, his most famous being his first, *Last Exit to Brooklyn* and, although scholars and devotees of the first novel will find it hard to surpass that effort, *Requiem* is Selby's best work, maybe even the finest novel of a generation.

Selby can't be categorized easily. His writing has been studied in most urban universities for more than ten years now but his books sell by the millions in drugstores, airports and newsstands throughout America. He has been labeled, erroneously, the last of the naturalists, a descendant of Dreiser, Norris and Farrell, but when professors teach Selby, they suddenly realize that he came out of the tradition of American poetry, which goes, as Charles Olson said, from Williams on out. What is most shocking to the academic mind but somewhat reassuring to Selby's other admirers is that his work holds up under strenuous analysis, continues to live and breathe after literary autopsy, and compares with the best literature. In our century, Selby's work is studied alongside that of Joyce, Beckett. Faulkner, Mann and Proust. True, such praise comes largely from urban intellectual centers, while in the heartland, well, in the heartland, they are baffled, still.

The story of *Requiem* is simple enough: Harry Goldfarb, junkie, and his companion, Tyrone C. Love, junkie, want to put together a bankroll and buy a "pound of pure," argot for an uncut bundle of heroin. The subplot involves Harry's mother, Sara, who wants to lose weight in order to appear on a television quiz show. As the action on the street grows meaner and more serious, Harry and Tyrone get more strung out, and Sara discovers diet pills. The novel begins with Harry locking his mother in the closet, so that he can pawn her TV set to buy "a taste." It thunders along in bunches of mountainous paragraphs. Harry and company get high in the morgue, surrounded by iced corpses; Sara is called up and told she is being considered as a contestant on a quiz show; Harry falls in love with Marion, another addict. By the end of the book Sara is in the back ward of a mental hospital, and Harry, less one arm infected by a dirty needle, is in a Southern jail along with Tyrone after an abortive attempt to set up a connection in Miami. Marion, with her dreams of opening a coffeehouse and art gallery, is turning tricks for a big-time dope dealer. And, yet, in spite of this degradation, the novel ends with transcendence, a crescendo that is something of a Blakeian illumination.

Selby echoes Dante, and like Eliot and Beckett he draws upon the Old Testament. Like them, Selby is able to step into the breach of the underworld and walk about observing Hell. Selby's self-lacerating souls seem to inhabit the deepest regions of the Inferno. They are the Violent-Against-Themselves, the Violent-Against-Others, and the Violent-Against-Nature. In *Requiem*, the descent is not guided by Virgil, though, but by heroin itself, the anti-hero of this mystery. Heroin is both guide and persecutor, antichrist, salvation and damnation in one glassine bag of mortal powder. Like the souls in *The Inferno*, the characters in Selby's new book move from skin-pop to skin-rot, from love of self and others into the damnable *bolgias* of the loveless, godless, the torturedly alone. Selby is relentless in his investigation of this descent, as particular and obsessive as either Beckett or Eliot. Like Dante, Selby deploys street slang, common speech, argot and scatology to create high poetic art. With Selby, however, the poetry is American speech, and it seems to derive from the greatest American poetry—Whitman, Pound, Williams, Olson and Selby's boyhood friend, the poet and novelist Gilbert Sorrentino.

In its use of the American idiom, *Requiem* corresponds with Melville's *Moby Dick*. Both writers are basically

Michael Stephens teaches at Columbia School of General Studies and is a playwriting fellow at Yale. His next work of fiction, Shipping Out, *is due in the spring from Apple-Wood Press, Cambridge.*

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renegade Puritans, men whose moral indignation was tempered by American experiences. Both make known great truths which reach beyond the confines of language. In place of Melville's whale, Selby has chosen to work with two images, heroin and television and, by way of these metaphors, he creates a supertext which forces the language (poetry and TV soap opera/commercial/sit-com parlance) to rise above the story and, like poetry, to resonate with extra significance. Both Melville and Selby learned prose from poets—the former from Shakespeare and the latter from Williams and Pound. *Moby Dick* and *Requiem* are great fictions which weld action to metaphor and give utterance to something previously possessed of impenetrable silence.

What puts Selby's new novel in its own class is its energy and vision. *Last Exit* and *The Room* were visionary and energetic too, but the former is a really loose collection of stories while *The Room* resembles a French philosophical novel. *The Demon*, Selby's last novel, has great blocks of prose energy, but is marred, at times, by its violent sentimentality. *Requiem* is a consistent and energized vision, from first sentence to last, and it is also Selby's most obsessive and unsentimental book, even though some reviewers have chosen to misunderstand Selby's choice of pop-culture and sentimental TV jargon. *Requiem* is also Selby's most tendentious and moral work, the end-piece of the four novels, Selby said recently, completing a cycle of pathological study, showing the disease without offering a cure. The new cycle, he has said, will offer solutions as well.

While many contemporary novels have attempted to make heroin the central concern of their works, few writers, other than Selby and Burroughs, have made the metaphor work. Robert Stone began *Dog Soldiers* well, but the moment the dope scene left Saigon and the heroin dreams were acted out in California, the book, for me, fell apart. It seems impossible to make a sweet vision out of heroin, but Selby has managed to create a bebop symphony from it. There are two composers, Mahler and Coltrane, who are mentioned by various characters in the book and, rightly enough, *Requiem* is written like a fusion of their sounds. That alone, the music in this book, suggests the durability of what Selby has forged here. He really is one of our cultural assets, and his latest work could prove to be one of the great American novels of the century. □

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

About once a year I am stricken by the notion that my reviews are becoming elitist, chasing after the subtitled imports and snubbing bully U.S.A. entertainments made for bully American audiences. Contrite, then, I make for one of those certified crowd pleasers, which are easy to spot because they open simultaneously in a whole chain of neighborhood theaters. Thus I found myself, at the start of the New Year's weekend, in a shopping-center cinema about a mile south of the Yonkers-New York border, attending a matinee performance of Neil Simon's *California Suite*.

This work, as I understand, was presented on the stage as a series of playlets (hence "suite"), but for the screen Mr. Simon has braided the four quite separate stories together, cutting from one to another in a way that might have been confusing if the narratives themselves were not so simple. Two of the offerings you will instantly recognize, if you are old enough, as classic vaudeville skits, updated by explicitness of language. In the first, Walter Matthau, acting the peccant husband, tries to prevent his wife (Elaine May) from discovering that a hooker is lying comatose (from an entire bottle of tequila) in his hotel-room bed. Matthau's ruses are enormously ingenious and his miming is picturesque, but they are unavailing against May's acid perspicacity. She avenges herself by spending him broke in Hollywood's most expensive dress shop—a materialistic way, perhaps, to expunge a breach of loyalty, but I sensed they were a couple who set a dollar value on pretty much everything.

In the other skit, Bill Cosby and Richard Pryor appear as members of the affluent black professional class, here discovered at the West Coast climax of a vacation trip from Chicago. They and their wives turn out to be a hot-tempered, accident-prone foursome who gesture with such vigor that they wreck cars, demolish hotel bedrooms, sprain ankles, dislocate shoulders and turn a tennis doubles match into a near-lethal engagement. Slapstick as old as Punch, to be sure, but the spectacle of blacks behaving like zanies in a hotel that not long ago would have refused to admit them made me uneasy.

The remaining two chapters are domestic slanging matches between, first, a divorced couple and, second, a renowned British actress and her antique-dealer husband. These are played, respectively, by Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, and by Maggie Smith and Michael Caine. There can be no doubt that Simon has few if any peers as an inventor of snide insults, rabbit-punch retorts and sadistic double meanings, but dialogue composed entirely of such nifties no more resembles conversation than a smorgasbord table offers a square meal. Miss Fonda aggresses with a fusillade of poisoned darts, which the despised Alda parries with verbal shrugs. In the case of the British couple, who have come to town because she may (but doesn't) win an Oscar, the bone of contention between them is his homosexuality (Simon's way with words is contagious). It drives her to drink and him to silken cruelty. In both of these duets, moreover, the surface icing of malign wit breaks to disclose a gruel of sentimentality. Unlike the skits, the two little plays deal with what under normal circumstances would be acknowledged as real pain: it is demeaning to laugh at misery caricatured into an occasion for wisecracks. The refurbished skits did no more than make me feel my years; the other segments of the suite made me cross. Simon uses people to show off how bright he is—it is a kind of insensitivity that flourishes in our time. All in all, this sample of popular entertainment made me so glum that I skipped *Superman*.

Probably the most interesting documentary director active today is Michael Rubbo, the Australian whose pictures are produced by the National Film Board of Canada. It is not often that one comes upon them because, at least in the United States, documentaries get little attention, but his latest—*Solzhenitsyn's Children Are Making a Lot of Noise in Paris*—has been on view briefly at the Film Forum in New York and may well show elsewhere.

A Rubbo documentary develops as a search rather than an exposition. This director works in front of the camera,

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not behind it, and one watches him as he moves into the situation, asking questions, casing the scene, running down false leads, until gradually he gets the "feel" of his subject. In an earlier film, *Waiting for Fidel* (shown a year or so ago at the Film Forum), he never managed to interview Castro, largely because a Canadian businessman backer of the project, who had come along for the ride, threw his weight around with a gringo arrogance that made the Cuban wary.

The method cannot be as haphazard as it looks (filming on location is much too expensive for that), but Rubbo is obviously an inspired seizer of opportunities. He comes across as an alertly modest man, courteous, discreet, but tough enough to get the job done. And this happy combination of talent and personality produces reportage of extraordinary dramatic excitement.

For *Solzhenitsyn's Children* Rubbo teams up with Louis-Bernard Robitaille, a young French Canadian foreign correspondent who has been six years in Paris and learned his way through its political labyrinths. The time is almost ten years after the May uprising of 1968, and a few months before the Communists and the Socialists split at the eleventh hour and blew the most recent general election. Rubbo is out to make sense of the fragmented French left and, though he scarcely succeeds, he produces a kaleidoscope of ideologies and insistent egos in which the recurring patterns are the effectiveness with which Solzhenitsyn's testimonies have broken the defenses of apparatchik Marxism and the optimism with which many factions on the left look to the spread of Eurocommunism.

The two investigators swing around Paris, sometimes by car, more exuberantly by motorcycle, on their round of interviews. From time to time, they retire to a cafe, to work over their notes and kid each other on their interviewing prowess. They record Marchais and Mitterrand rallies and, on one excursion to the right, attend a mass meeting at which Chirac terrifies the French petite bourgeoisie with news from Russia. Behind the rostrum a movie screen carries the enlarged image of his demagogic gestures. Hitler would have admired the showmanship.

Paris is probably the world's most photographed city, but I cannot remember a film in which it seemed so inviting. Little footage is spent on the "obligatory" monuments—Notre Dame in passing, but no Eiffel Tower—and, cheating a little, the camera manages not to pick up the high-rises. It is mainly a Paris of the neighborhoods, filmed in subdued, evocative color—by a director of photography, Andreas Poulsson, who has a lovely appreciation of urban flavor and a quick eye for a vivid face in the crowd.

Rubbo's picture is a serious but high-spirited plunge into French political life. If it gets buffeted a good deal by the crosscurrents of assertive voices on the left, its conclusion seems to be that the chaos is both amusing and at bottom healthy.

Keep an eye out for *Solzhenitsyn's Children Are Making a Lot of Noise in Paris*—it's a title you're not apt to miss in the list of coming attractions. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC

NAT HENTOFF

In the synagogue where I brooded as a child, the only music was that of the dead-serious (because thinking of the dead) choir and the fiercely penetrating hazan—the master of Yiddish blues. There was one horn, but only on the New Year and Yom Kippur. This was the bold ram's horn, for which I would wait with high expectations; but invariably, the man of inviolate virtue chosen to blow it did not have "the chops," as jazz musicians say, to make it really sound. How could he have? Even Dizzy Gillespie's embouchure would wilt if he picked up the trumpet only a few times a year.

While the music in our synagogue had the power of binding passion, there was no joy in it, for our synagogue kept the tradition of Hosea: "Rejoice not, O Israel, for joy, as other people." Also part of that tradition was the shunning of sensuality in music. To worship was to transcend such earthly distractions, which is why the women were segregated in the balcony.

The Hassidim, however, were different. Their worship was primarily music and dance. We, on the other hand, rose only to pray (only for *davenen*), and then we swayed. But we did not dance. I did not actually know *how* different the Hassidim were until I briefly became part of bodily rejoicing in the presence of God.

Researching a story about the Hassidim, I was watching an ecstatic circle-dance—sons perched on the swinging shoulders of their fathers—when a *Hassid* pointed at me. "You Jewish?" I nodded, and said I was a reporter. "I didn't ask the second question," he laughed, and shouted, "Here!" The Hassid put a Torah in my arms and off I went, dancing in the circle. It felt good, I tell you. Even for an atheist, it felt good. Which maybe is why he hauled me in.

There is a belief among the Hassidim that while singing and dancing along with them is better, just listening will also lift the soul. It will certainly bring pleasure—as in *Hassidic Tunes of Dancing & Rejoicing* (Folkways). A collaboration of the Jewish Music Research Centre and the Music Department and Archives of Jerusalem's National and University Library, this set is a cross section of the sounds, rhythms and cheerful obsessions of various Hassidic dynasties. More than half were recorded "in the field"—in the courtyard of a rabbi's tomb, at weddings, in homes, at the lighting of a bonfire.

As is the splendid custom of Moses Asch's Folkways (the single most illuminating ecumenical label in the whole world of recordings), there are texts and translations, and copious but literate notes. And this music, like the most

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fundamental jazz, is difficult to listen to without wanting to be in motion. And unlike some jazz, Hassidic tunes also call for the listener to sing. Many of the tunes have no words—just syllables like "scat" singing—so indeed, anyone can join in, lifting the spirit.

On some of the tracks, *klezmorim* appear. Yiddish instrumentalists of decidedly secular pursuits much of the time, they would have been stoned from the services of my childhood synagogue. Too merry. Much too merry. But *klezmorim* belong in Hassidic gatherings because they bring joy.

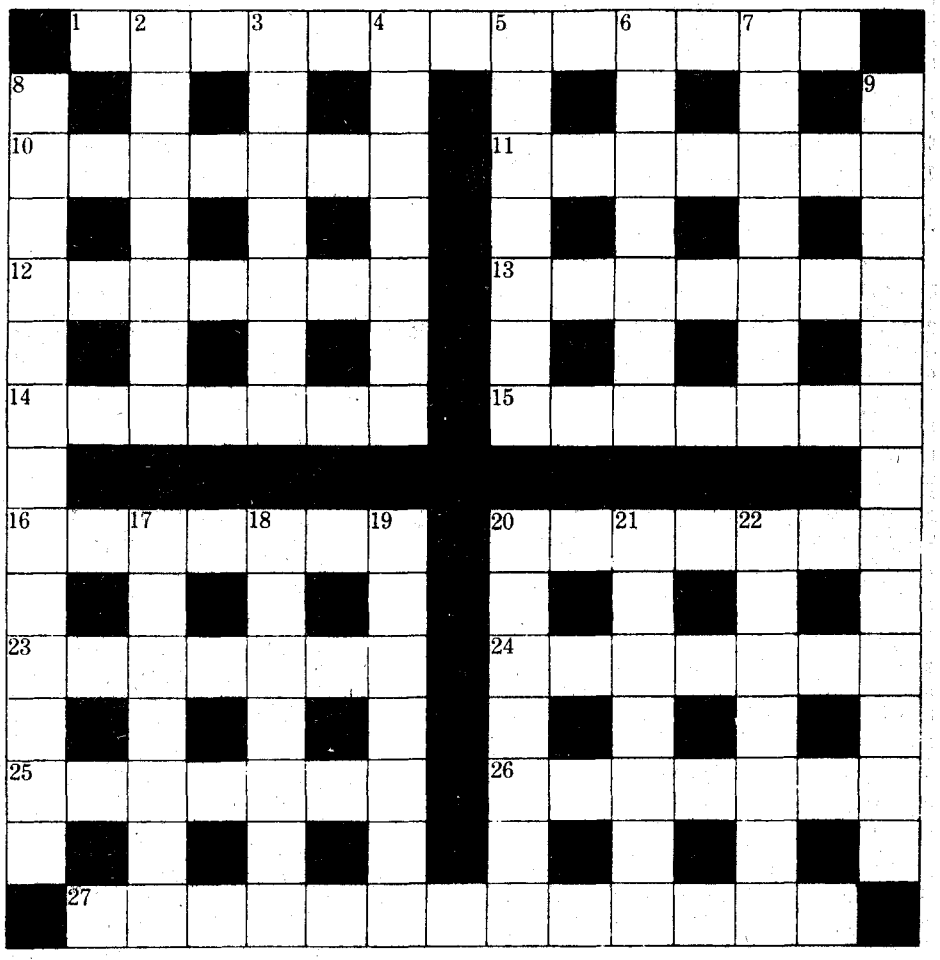
In this country, defying the notion that Yiddish culture is only for the old and will die with them, a group of young Jewish musicians, calling themselves *The Klezmorim*, has unexpectedly manifested itself. In reviewing their first Arhoolie album here (*East Side Wedding*), I pointed out that somehow these *Yiddishe* soul players had found an authentic link to their predecessors who had wandered over much of Europe in the 19th century. And like the Hassidim, the early *klezmorim* absorbed whatever appealed to them in the music of the strangers among whom they were always exiles—songs and dances of Poland, Russia, Hungary. (The Hassids believed that if the melody was good, it must have been captured by impure forces, and so would be redeemed in the hands of Yiddish players.)

In *The Klezmorim*'s second Arhoolie set, *Streets of Gold*, there is a diversity of origins in the melodies and rhythms, but all are fused into joyously Jewish improvising. The new album is more impressive than its predecessor, for these new *klezmorim* have gained confidence in their skills and now have the roguish swagger of the traditional *klezmorim* who, after all, knew more than most other Jews because they had been to more places and seen many more things than were in the prayerbooks. Also, the sound quality is markedly superior, indicating that Arhoolie's engineers are also learning how to move to this music.

There are wedding dances, sweatshop laments, a luminous waltz, a bumptious march, and a song reliving those occasions when *klezmorim* were paid in fermented spirits rather than in cash. At such a time, flutist Lev Lieberman notes, "a military march could end up sounding like a three-day pass." (Arhoolie is at 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530; Folkways is at 43 West 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.) □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1759

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A fire might be, near a box. (5,3,5)
10 Mountainous source of poetic inspiration of Chile, no different as a band instrument. (7)
11 Sort of rapid, but such things are without credit. (4,3)
12 This for itself is just play, as a rule, too. (7)
13 Emit one, possibly, and you might feel it. (7)
14 Well, as an example of them, the rugs she weaves! (7)
15 The title of Jeff Endicott. (7)
16 and 2 down Even those on the prowl might be affected by it. (Evidently there was some 1 across.) (7,3,4)
20 What the boy in the store might be doing is catching. (7)
23 Stop the night, to establish cover, perhaps. (3,4)
24 Barber, or the well-known Yankee type. (7)
25 Turn a log into leatherwork—it's going fast for the British! (7)
26 Medium responses, perhaps, are not quite so clear. (7)
27 Cautious people might want to be here where the team is most numerous, if the adage is correct. (2,3,4,4)

DOWN

2 See 16 across
3 Keep apart. (7)
4 They're supposed to be able to keep things such as trees with the end broken in the middle. (7)
5 Peer curiously when about to leave, though abundantly supplied. (7)
6 Quit, or just was told not to report for work? (4,3)
7 One certainly might cause a disturbance at the fun fair! (7)
8 The one in the pit playing for this is less enchanting. (3,5,5)
9 One might make an impression, of a certain type. (8,5)
17 Losers might do it to their arms, as one might in making the bed. (3,4)
18 "Hi!" given in moving by rail? (7)
19 Storage places for fish, over a long time. (7)
20 What the jeweler might take to check your watch, to avoid trouble? (4,3)
21 The owl sang to a small one of them. (7)
22 A dimple is peculiar, but it could be fixed. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1758

ACROSS: 1 Lose count; 9 Carries; 10 Pontiac; 15 Fanfares; 16 Ubangi; 18 In kind; 20 Offender; 23 Hoes; 24 Repast; 25 Col; 28 Flights; 29 Dealing; 30 Lagos; 31 Refulgent. DOWN: 1 Licit; 2 Surgeon; 3 Chilblains; 4 Unsigned; 5 Top hat; 6 Hand; 7 Unicorn; 8 Escoffier; 14 Object ball; 15 Frightful; 21 Decline; 22 Lessor; 26, 6 across and 19 down Light housekeeping; 27, 17, 11, 12 and 13 Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf.

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QUIET WOMAN, 40s, animal lover, seeks friendship with man of similar gentle qualities. Enjoy poetry, anthropology, and naif art. Non-smoker. Reply Nation Box 121.

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DEEPLY COMMITTED to the left, literature, and love; woman, 28, seeks acquaintance with man of similar age whose mind runs on a similar course. Can also keep house and darn socks, of course. Write Nation, Box 6.

HANG-GLIDER, mountaineer, free-faller, geologist, PhD, early forties, seeks companionship with woman who loves fresh air and natural physical adventures of all kinds. Reply Nation Box 25.

Young lady, 24, finds that Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of The Roman Empire" goes round and round like a roll of oil cloth and that most people's hearts are like old pieces of shoe leather. Lonely and sensitive from a retiring sort of life, seeks a companion to steal down country lanes when the room gets hot. Reply Nation Box 24.

MISCELLANEOUS

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